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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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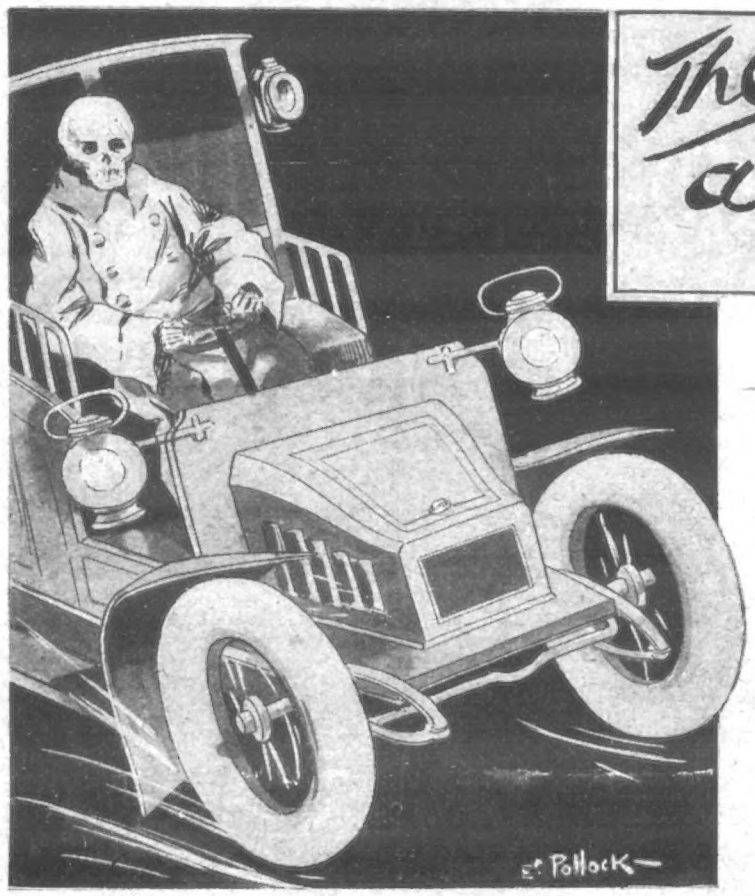


The mystery of a motor cab.

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," etc., etc., etc.

FOR NEW READERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

"DEAD?" "Quite dead, Sir." "Impossible! How did he die?" "The man has been strangled, Sir." "Strangled? You must be mistaken, officer." "Look for yourself, Sir. It's a plain case of murder." The ominous word rang loudly through the wintry air, for the policeman's voice had unconsciously leaped an octave towards the conclusion of his sentence. Too startled to move, Mr. Lewis Mendle, solicitor, of 52, Cade Lane, Cheapside, paused on the steps of the large building, wherein was his office, and stared silently at the dead chauffeur on the motor-cab. The body is taken into the solicitor's office, and Inspector Hake is sent for. Constable Jennings, meanwhile, re-examines the body. The chauffeur proves to be a frail-looking young man, with a weak chin and an aristocratic nose. Then he examines the front seat, and finds on the floor a large waterproof envelope, brief size, which had been closed and sealed with a crest. But the seals had been broken and the envelope had been roughly torn open, evidently by a man in a hurry. Then Inspector Hake arrives, and in his presence Mendle recognises the dead man as his ward, Arthur Gerson, and faints. When he recovers Hake questions him somewhat sharply as to his relations with his ward, and suggests it will be wise for him to conceal nothing.

CHAPTER II. *(continued).*

MENDLE held out his hand, which Hake grasped. "I am much obliged to you for the suggestion," he said gratefully; "but it never struck me that anyone would connect me with this terrible crime. Yes, I do lose five thousand a year by Arthur's death."

"In what way?"

"The late Mr. Gerson was a very strange and suspicious man," explained the solicitor; "and although he declared that he trusted me, he did not trust me wholly. Why, I cannot say, as I was always fair and square with him, as I am, I hope, with everyone. Mr. Gerson married a certain Mrs. Lane, with one daughter, Harriet, who is now an actress at the Piccadilly Theatre."

"I know," Hake nodded. "She plays the old women's parts."

"Yes, and she is much older than her half-sister and her half-brother, Arthur and Belinda. Mr. Gerson did not leave Harriet any money, but he gave me a life interest in his property amounting to five thousand a year, on condition that I looked after Belinda and Arthur."

"But why didn't he leave the property to them direct?"

"Because he knew that Arthur would squander the money, and if it had been left to Belinda, she was so fond of her brother that he would have extorted every penny from her. To save them both from wasting their fortune, I was given a life interest in the money on condition that I looked after both thoroughly. Miss Gerson, as the survivor, will tell you what moneys I have allowed her and Arthur and how I have behaved. I don't think my worst enemy can say a word against me. But, to make a long story short, Mr. Inspector, my late master did not wholly trust me, and in his will it is stated that if either Arthur or Belinda died, that the whole five thousand a year should go to the survivor. Since Arthur is now dead, Belinda takes immediate possession of the money, and I am left a pauper."

Hake was just about to open his mouth and comment on this extraordinary will, when a knock came at the door. When it was opened the Manners Street policeman, for whom the Inspector had sent, presented himself and saluted.

"Cropsley. Ah, yes. You were on duty to-night in Manners Street?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you see a motor-cab pass down the street in the direction of Cade Lane?"

"Yes, Sir. I was at the corner and happened to notice it. Motor-cabs are generally in the West-End, Sir."

"Of course. Trafalgar Square stand. Hum! What time did you see the motor-cab in question?"

Cropsley scratched his head. "Well, Sir, I can't rightly say, but it was somewhere about half-past eleven."

"Before or after the half hour?"

"I think a few minutes after, Sir."

"Can you swear to that, Cropsley?"

"Not to a minute, Sir. I can swear that the cab drove past me somewhere about half-past eleven."

"How many people were on the box?"

"I didn't take particular note, Sir. Only the driver, I think."

"Anyone inside the cab?"

"I didn't notice, Sir."

"Hum! Cropsley, you never use your eyes. You can go."

Cropsley saluted and departed. Hake turned again to Mendle and held out his hand. "This exonerates you entirely, Mr. Mendle," he said, "and I ask your pardon for my suspicions. If the cab drove up here, as you say, at twenty to twelve, it must have been the same, which Cropsley saw, passing down Manners Street some time after the half hour."

"But he said half-past eleven," argued Mendle, pointedly precise.

"A little after, I think. It may have been five or eight minutes after the half-hour, which would just give it time to get here. You need not argue against your own interests, Mr. Mendle. But now that your character is cleared, the question arises, who murdered Gerson?"

"I can't say, Mr. Inspector," said Mendle helplessly.

"Do you suspect anyone?"

"No. I cannot say that I do."

"What does this waterproof envelope mean?"

"I don't understand that at all, Mr. Inspector."

"Hum! Let us go out and look at the cab."

The vehicle was standing as it had been before the office door, and its guardian policemen shuffled their feet on the pavement to keep warm. Faster and thicker the snow was falling, and a white mantle was being spread over the fatal motor-cab. Hake, who amongst other things knew how to drive a motor, set the mechanism going and climbed into the chauffeur's seat. A turn of the wheel sent the machine forward, almost its own length. Then to the horror and surprise of everyone, a wild and piercing scream of agony shrilled from under the cab.

CHAPTER III.

BREAKING THE NEWS.

INSPECTOR HAKE gasped, moved by elemental feelings out of his official phlegm. The scream was so thin, so highly pitched, so charged with the unexpected, that he fell back a step, quivering with shaking nerves. "A woman—a woman under that damned thing!" he stuttered. "Here, lend a hand to get her out."

Simonds and Jennings dropped on their knees and fished carefully under the car, which was panting and purring and vibrating like a live creature. The small bundle of rags which they brought to light, all tumbled, torn, and bleeding, showed no sign of life.

"It's a boy—a boy," cried Mendle, who was peering over Hake's shoulder. "How came a boy here at this hour and in such a plight?"

"Do you know the lad, Sir?"

"Never set eyes on him. And under the cab, too. What does it mean?"

"He was hiding, I suppose," said the inspector, trying to grasp the strange circumstance, "and did not expect the cab to move. Doctor!"

The cry had brought out Morley, and already he was kneeling by the gutter-snipe. The policemen glanced at the still, small form, at each other, and finally at their puzzled superior. Hake could make nothing of the new circumstance, much less of the old. If the death of Gerson was mysterious, the presence of the street arab under the cab was still more so. How had the boy come into the deserted city at this hour? Why had he concealed himself? What did he know of the corpse of the man who lay within doors? To these very pertinent questions Hake could obtain no answers. "Unless the boy will speak," he remarked aloud, following his train of thought.

Morley rose and dusted the feathery snow from his knees. "Not much chance of that, Inspector," he remarked with a shrug. "Some projecting piece of iron under the cab has knocked in the skull, so far as I can judge for the moment. The little chap may be insensible for days. Humph!" murmured Morley, eyeing the pale face. "I shouldn't wonder if this proved to be a trepanning case."

"Then we can't get any information!"

"No, Inspector," said Morley drily. "Nature is stronger than the law in this instance. And when the lad recovers—if he ever does from so nasty a wound, he may have forgotten everything."

"About what?" questioned the lawyer.

"About this murder, Mr. Mendle."

"But surely, with the wonderful surgical skill at your command, you will be able to bring back the boy to life and reason. It is quite imperative, Dr. Morley—quite imperative. Think what it means. This lad may be able to explain how my poor Arthur came by his death."

Morley shrugged again. "You can't be sure of that. What do you

THE HISTORICAL GARDEN-PARTY AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Last Saturday the King and Queen entertained eight thousand guests, of many nationalities, on the beautiful lawns of Windsor Castle.

think, Hake?" he asked, turning to the puzzled officer.

"I agree with Mr. Mendle," he replied slowly. "The boy holds the key of the mystery. I expect he came from the West End."

"Surely, surely!" chimed in Mendle eagerly. "Sir Samuel always plied for hire in the West End, and only came here at night to take me home."

"Quite so," argued the doctor, who was somewhat contradictory, "but Sir Samuel did not drive the cab to-night."

"He must have done so earlier in the evening, and in the West End."

Inspector Hake nodded. "I agree, Mr. Mendle. Perhaps the boy knew that the cab belonged to Sir Samuel, and seeing a new driver, held on behind to learn the reason. In that case, he must know who strangled your unfortunate ward. If he could only speak!"

"He 'll never speak again in this life, unless you move him under shelter," grumbled the doctor, buttoning his overcoat. "Put him into the cab, and take him to the hospital. The sooner a proper examination is made the better. You drive Hake, and I 'll get inside with the poor little devil. It 's lucky it 's a brougham cab," grunted Morley, "the weather 's enough to kill me, let alone a wounded boy. I suppose your men will take the corpse within to the mortuary."

Hake nodded, and bent with a lantern to examine the insensible boy. He would have been a pretty lad if he had been well nourished and well washed and warmly clothed. He looked about thirteen or fourteen years of age, and had a thin, oval face, pearly white, and framed in rough tumbled hair like spun gold. The colour of his eyes could not be seen, as they were closed. From a jagged cut in the head, where the mechanism of the cab had struck him, streamed a thin rivulet of blood. He wore merely a patched pair of knickerbockers and a man's overcoat much too large for his puny body. The poor creature's legs and feet and head were bare; pinched and blue with cold, as regards the flesh. Hake made a hasty examination of the pockets, but found no clue to the lad's identity. What the men lifted into the motor-cab was simply a nameless guttersnipe, a derelict of the great city. Yet he held the secret of the strange death of Arthur Gerson, and could have revealed the truth—but that God had laid a silencing finger on his lips. "It 's the most extraordinary case," muttered Hake, and after a few hasty directions to his underlings, slipped between the steering-wheel and the seat to drive the machine.

"One moment, Mr. Inspector," called out Mendle, who was shivering in the bitter air, "can I and Parley return to our homes?"

"Yes, but first give your addresses to Constable Jennings."

The car, purring like a great cat, jerked forward, and settled down into a smooth, gliding motion. In another moment it had vanished behind the veil of the falling snow towards Cheapside and the hospital. Mendle beckoned to the policeman who had been the first to discover the strange tragedy.

"Well, Constable Jennings," he said, giving his card, "do you still suspect me of murder?"

"Beg pardon, Sir," said the man, somewhat crestfallen, "I only thought your knowing the man was suspicious."

"In that case, since the man afterwards turned out to be my ward, you should be still more suspicious. I had no reason to murder Sir Samuel Embers. I might have a dozen to kill poor Arthur."

The sapient Jennings shook his official head and permitted himself an official smile. "You wouldn't talk that way if you were guilty, Mr. Mendle," he remarked, taking the card.

"Oh, I don't know, constable. If I am clever enough to kill a man in a motor-cab and escape, I am quite capable of acting a part in order to deceive you and Inspector Hake. However, if you have any remaining doubts I daresay they will be cleared up at the inquest. Meanwhile, as you have my address, I 'll go home and do my best to recover from this terrible shock. The poor fellow 's body—ugh! I have a good mind to stop," added Mendle thoughtfully. "I can look after it."

"We 'll do that, Sir," said Jennings, fingering half-a-crown which the lawyer slipped into his hand. "An ambulance has been sent for, and we shall take the corpse to the Dead-house. Your clerk can wait and lock up the office."

Mendle handed over a key, which he took from a bunch, produced from his pocket. "You can do that yourself, and stop in the office all night, if you have a mind to."

"There will be no need, Sir. Can we get you a cab, Sir?"

"I am afraid you will find it difficult to procure one in this neighbourhood at so early an hour of the morning. And the Underground Railway must have stopped running also. I 'll walk to Fleet Street and pick up a hansom there."

"Or a motor-cab, Sir," said Jennings, making a weak joke.

Mendle shuddered and cast a glance through the door, where a stiff form lay on the dining-table, covered with an old tartan rug. "I feel as though I would never drive in a motor-cab again," he said, with a deep sigh. "Parley, give your address to the constable, and remain here as long as he wants you."

"Miss Belinda, Sir?" said the old clerk, following his master to the outer door. "What about her and Miss Harriet, Sir?"

"I 'll break the news of the death to them to-night," said Mendle; "it will be better than to let them learn it from the papers."

"But the papers haven't got hold of the news yet, Sir."

"They will before dawn. Your modern reporter is like a vulture for scenting a murdered body. Poor Arthur! and poor me too, Parley! Think how I have lost five thousand a year! Well, well, I must bear my fate. But if I could find the man who murdered Arthur I would hang him as high as Haman."

"Your scarf, Sir," said Parley, offering a woollen wrap.

Mendle took it mechanically, and put it on. "But what 's the use?" he muttered fretfully. "I may as well catch pneumonia and die, since I am completely ruined."

"No, no, Mr. Mendle! I am sure Miss Belinda will do the right thing."

"And marry me, Parley?" asked the solicitor, smiling bitterly. "I fear not. I am scarcely so young or well-favoured as Darton. Good-night, Parley; good-night, constable." And Mendle hurried away.

"Who is Darton?" asked Jennings when the door was closed.

Parley passed a thin hand wearily over his wrinkled brow. "Dr. Wilfred Darton—a young medical man, who admires Miss Belinda Gerson the sister of Mr. Arthur."

"Does she admire him, Mr. Parley?"

"Yes. I am afraid there 's no chance for poor Mr. Mendle. And now that the money belongs to Miss Belinda, she 'll marry the doctor."

"Hard lines," commented Jennings, sympathetically, "to lose both a girl and a fortune. I 'm sorry I thought that he was guilty. Now my theory regarding this murder is this"—and Jennings proceeded to detail his crude views at great length, while the hours wore on to dawn, and under the tartan rug the stark, stiff body of Arthur Gerson lay grimly, as though already six feet under earth.

Meanwhile Mendle, all broken up with the events of the night, and aching with nervous pains from head to foot, was driving towards Kensington in a hansom which he had picked up in Fleet Street. His brain was so weary that he did not attempt to think of his own ruin, or of the crime. Huddled up in a corner of the cab, he closed his tired eyes and tried vainly to make his mind a blank. Stray thoughts dealing with what had taken place since eleven o'clock drifted through his mind, but he could not think continuously or coherently. As the vehicle—it was an old one—rattled and shook, the worn-out man dropped into a dazed condition, and finally slept. The stirring events of the night had dulled the mechanism of the brain, and even as a man—so it has been said—will drop asleep when tortured physically, so did Mendle, mentally helpless, become unconscious. But all through his scattered thoughts ran one which was more or less insistent. How would Belinda Gerson take the terrible news? Even in his broken sleep this question dominated his brain.

They dropped on their knees beside the insensible small boy who had, perhaps, been a witness of the terrible tragedy.

The sudden stoppage of the cab woke him up with a jerk, and the gruff voice of the driver, peering through the square in the roof, informed him that Clement Street was reached. This was where his wards dwelt, and his own rooms were in Rutland Square, not very far away. Bemused with sleep, Mendle stumbled out of the cab, and gave the driver what he asked for in the way of fare. When the gleaming lights of the vehicle disappeared, Mendle stood still for a moment and tried to pull his scattered wits together. For half a minute he was minded to let the ill news stand over until the morning; but reflecting that Harriet and Belinda might learn it unexpectedly, and so receive a terrible shock, he dragged himself to the door and rang the bell. His fatigue was so great that he had to lean up against the railings.

For some minutes there was no response. Then he heard the rattle of the chain, and a deep female voice asked who was without. The lawyer gave his name, and almost immediately the door was flung open by an astonished woman. But Harriet Lane—for it was she—scarcely displayed so much astonishment as Mendle, when he beheld her at this early hour of a winter's morning dressed to go out. "What does this mean?" asked the solicitor, staggering into the hall.

"I ask that of you, Lewis," said Miss Lane sharply; "but have I need to when I see that you are drunk."

"I am perfectly sober," protested Mendle, sinking into a hall-chair. "But why are you not in bed? Why are you dressed to go out?"

"I came in late from the theatre," hesitated Harriet, turning aside her head, "and did not take off my things. Belinda is ill. I thought of going for medicine to the chemist."

Before Mendle could express his alarm at Miss Gerson's illness, the electrics at the head of the stairs unexpectedly radiated powerful light. Mendle glanced at the candle in Harriet's hand, which suddenly paled in the vivid illumination, and looked up the stairs. To his surprise, Belinda, also dressed to go out, was descending. Seeing her half-sister and a man's figure seated on a chair, she paused half-way and called out, "Is it Wilfred, Harriet?"

Mendle's strength came back with a rush when he heard his rival's name. For the moment his tiredness vanished as by magic, and he stood up, strong, clear-brained, and alert. "Wilfred," he repeated, and his hitherto low voice rang out loudly. "Darton. Wilfred Darton. What do you mean, Belinda, by expecting that man here at this hour?"

"Lewis," murmured Miss Gerson under her breath, and turned as though to fly up the stairs again.

"Are you ill?" cried out Mendle.

"Ill? No," she rejoined, turning in her surprise.

"Harriet, you have lied," said the lawyer fiercely. "Both you and Belinda are dressed to go out—and at nearly three in the morning. What does this mean? I insist upon knowing."

"It is easily explained," said Belinda, and came rapidly down the stairs. "There is no need to be angry, Lewis. I was at the theatre with Harriet. We did not get home until after twelve o'clock. We waited up for Arthur. As he did not come, Harriet and I were coming round to see you about Arthur's absence, and——"

"I don't believe that," interrupted Mendle, his pale cheek flushing. "You know how dissipated Arthur was. He has been out before, night after night, and yet you never behaved like this. Then you expected Darton. Don't deny it, Belinda. I heard you ask Harriet. How dare you, when you know that I have forbidden the man this house?"

Belinda, who was small, dainty, golden-haired, and apparently timid, shrank before the wrath which flashed from the lawyer's eyes. Mendle rarely gave way to passion, as he paid too much in loss of nerve-power to indulge in anger; but when he did lose his temper (and the thought of Wilfred Darton invariably made him do so) he terrified the girl, who, from long habit, submitted to be dominated by him.

But Harriet was bolder, and took her half-sister's part.

"Belinda is not a child, that you should speak to her in that way," she observed quietly; "nor is this the time to converse. I see that you are sober, but I must express my surprise that you should come here at this hour."

"It is lucky that I did," said Mendle bitterly; "had I not done so Belinda would have eloped with that Darton man."

The girl's nostrils dilated and her face flushed. "How dare you!" she cried, with a stamp. "If I love Wilfred, and he loves me, that has nothing to do with you, Lewis."

"Nothing?"—his voice sank and became imploring.

Belinda cast an angry look at him, and turned towards the stairs. "I am going to bed," she said curtly.

"Don't you want to hear about Arthur?" asked Mendle, with a sneer.

She wheeled. "Arthur?"

"What is it, Lewis?" questioned Harriet—and both the women looked with pale faces at the scarcely less pale countenance of their guardian. From his looks and from his late visit they drew inferences of evil news. Still secretly angered at the mystery of their proceedings, Mendle did not spare them.

"Arthur is dead! Arthur is murdered!" he said sharply.

Harriet dropped the candle: Belinda clung to the banisters: neither woman spoke. Then their eyes met.

"You knew!" cried Mendle, "you knew, even before I spoke!"

CHAPTER IV.

AN ACCUSATION.

As Mendle's income—at least that outside his business—was dependent upon the existence of the Gerson brother and sister, he had always been a careful man. For four years he had handled the five thousand a year of the late Mr. Gerson, and while allowing his wards ample money for their needs, he had contrived to save a certain amount of money. To do so, he had scraped and screwed and denied himself many things, since at any time his guardianship might cease by death of either ward from violence, or from natural causes. The expected had happened after all, and Mendle congratulated himself that he had saved something from the wreck of his fortunes.

Before leaving the half-sisters on the previous night—or rather early in the morning—he had done his best to discover if they really knew of the death before he announced the same. But Belinda had been seized with sudden faintness—which certainly appeared to be genuine, and very natural considering the tragic circumstances—so he had been unable to get at the truth. Harriet might have told him, if legally cross-examined, for being in love with him, she yielded greatly to his influence. But Miss Lane had been compelled to attend to her half-sister, and therefore Mendle had been forced to leave, unsatisfied. He departed the more readily, since the temporary strength which had come with anger was exhausted very much sooner than he expected. On reaching his rooms some time after three in the morning, he had thrown himself half-dressed on to his bed, and had lost consciousness in deep slumber.

It was eleven when he awoke, and after a cold bath and a good breakfast, he felt better. He, however, suffered from three distinct shocks—the terrible death of Arthur, the loss of five thousand a year, and the mysterious behaviour of Belinda.

However, an examination of his banking-book and various scrip and stock comforted him a trifle. Out of the Gerson estate he had saved ten thousand pounds, for which he would not have to account, since the will only arranged that the survivor of the brother and sister should take the income then accruing, without reference to what had been spent. Mendle had acted very generously towards his wards by allowing them nearly three thousand a year out of the five, so he thought himself justified in securing the balance in his own name and for his own use.

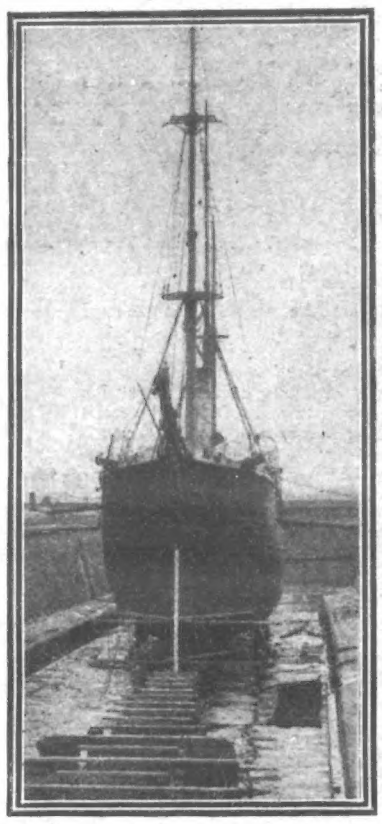
The Gersons and their half-sister, Miss Lane, had an entire house to themselves in Clement Street; but Mendle, always saving, had contented himself with two rooms in a Rutland Square mansion. These were furnished in the gruesome manner of the Albert period, and would have driven anyone possessed of the artistic temperament insane with their lavish decoration of grotesque patterns and violent colours, pointedly ill-matched.

The sitting-room was particularly hideous, with bright-red flock-patterned wall-paper, and magenta hangings, and mahogany furniture upholstered in green rep.

What the bedroom might be, no visitor ever knew, since Mendle closed the door when anyone called.

(To be continued.)

SEEKERS OF THE SOUTH POLE.

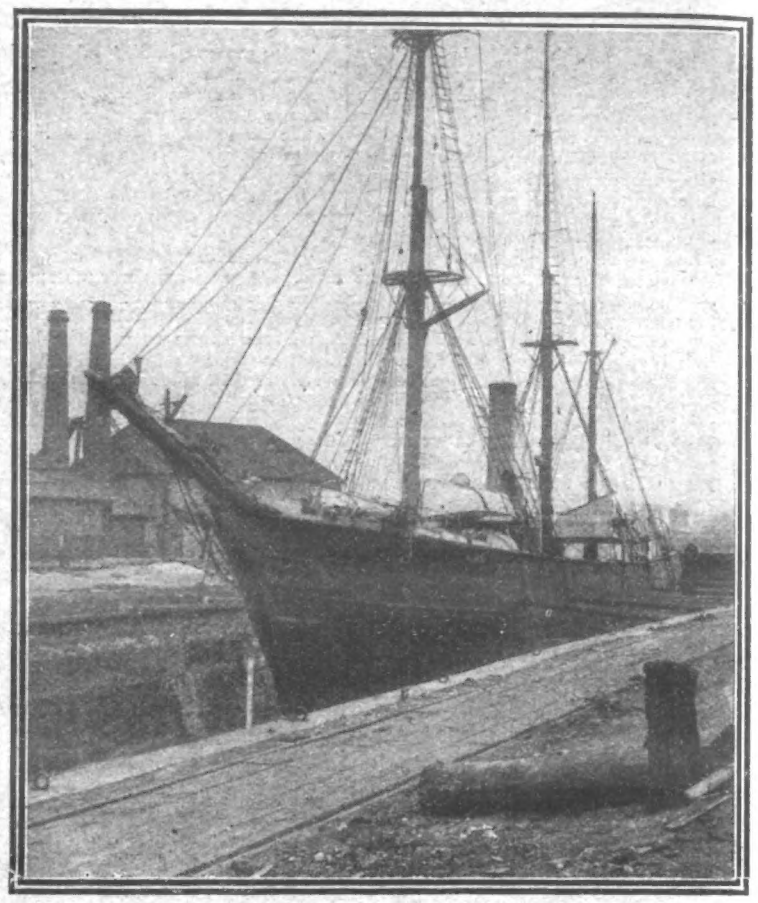


THE "ENDURANCE" IN DRY DOCK.

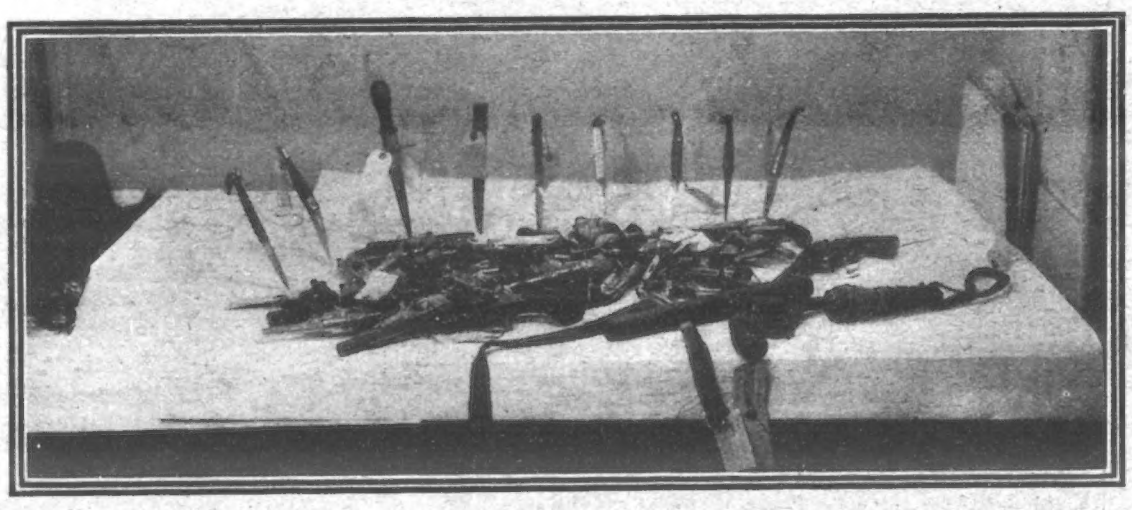
ABOUT forty years ago the steamship *Nimrod* left St. John's, Newfoundland, in search of seals. At the end of next month she starts a new life, and, re-fitted and re-named, will leave London on an expedition to the unknown lands of the South Pole.

Adventurous as her past has been—during her life as a sealing ship something like 400,000 seals have been accounted for—her future is likely to be no less eventful. After leaving London the *Endurance*—for that is to be the vessel's name in the future—will sail for New Zealand, which will be reached in December. There a specially equipped scientific party will land, while the *Endurance* will proceed on her way to the far south. It is expected that about twelve months will elapse before the return to New Zealand, and in the summer of 1909 the *Endurance* may be expected home again. That is, if all goes well. Indeed, if forethought and precaution count for anything, success should be assured. The ship has been specially selected for the work, greatly on account of her being built of wood, which it is calculated will better be able to withstand the enormous pressure of the ice-pack than a steel built vessel. When a representative of *P.I.P.* found the *Endurance* she was in dry-dock being overhauled. New masts have been put in, and all day the shipwrights and engineers are working at full speed to get her ready for her long voyage. Captain England, who will be in command, was here, there, and everywhere, advising, directing, and generally overlooking the progress of the work, and Mr. Dunlop, the engineer, was busily engaged in seeing that his engines should be ready for the heavy work before them. Captain England, it is interesting to remember, was the second in command on the *Morning*, which went to the Antarctic on a relief-expedition to the *Discovery*. He is very hopeful about the prospects of the expedition, and sees no reason why the South Pole should not be reached. The *Discovery* got within 465 miles of it, and on this occasion the expedition will be somewhat better equipped for reaching their goal. For one thing, a motor-car, specially built for travelling over the ice-fields, will be taken aboard at New Zealand. This car is to be used for haulage, and it is so constructed that the front wheels can be removed and replaced by runners. Should the car break down, however, there will be in reserve a dozen of the sure-footed and hardy little Manchurian ponies ready to take the recalcitrant motor-car's place.

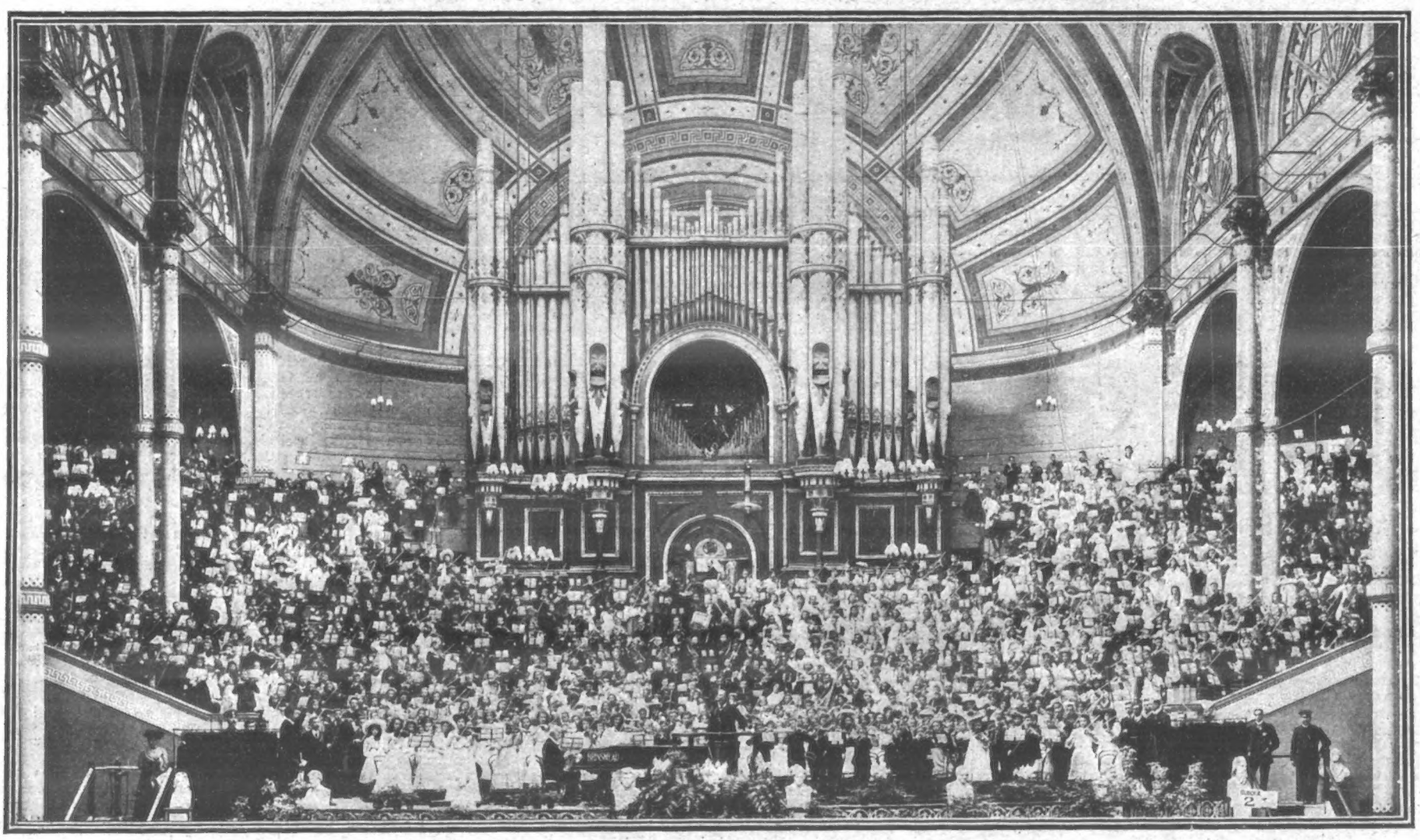
MR. DUNLOP, THE ENGINEER OF THE "ENDURANCE."



THE SEALING SHIP "NIMROD" RE-NAMED THE "ENDURANCE," IN THE WEST INDIA DOCK.



WEAPONS SEIZED BY THE POLICE IN A RAID ON THE ITALIAN QUARTER OF NEW YORK.



A CHILDREN'S ORCHESTRA AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

Last Saturday, boy and girl violinists from schools all over the country met at Alexandra Palace, and, with the band of the Duke of York's School and the great organ, gave a most interesting programme in brilliant style.

TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

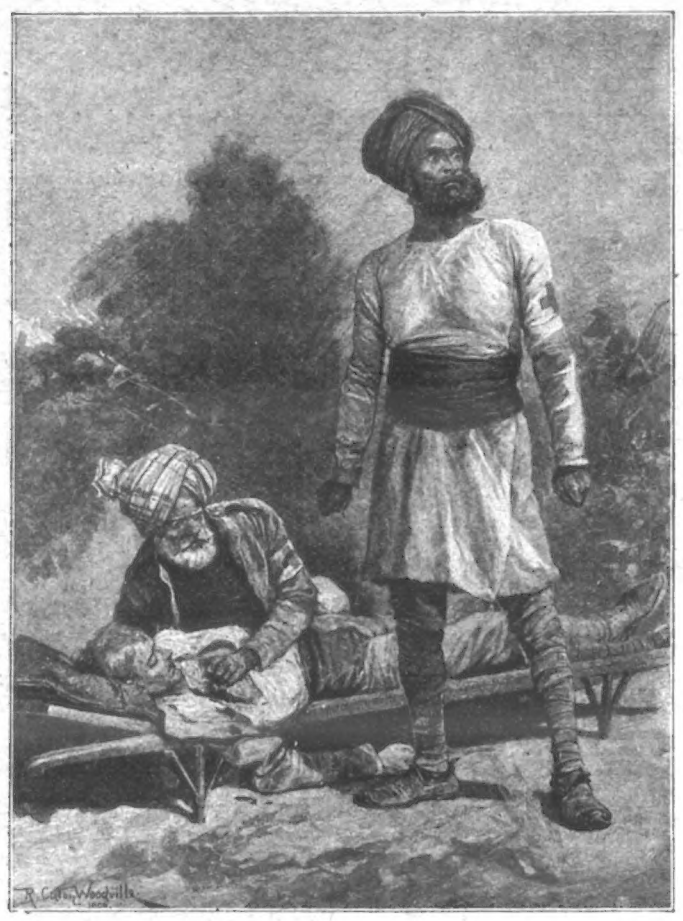
Should We Have War?

FOR.

HE takes a very narrow view of the world who supposes that God's work is to be done only by saints. These are words which have arisen in the consideration of the great Peace Conference which is now sitting at the Hague.

However much we may admire the alleged intentions of the grave gentlemen of all nations who have taken universal peace as their watchword, we cannot regard them otherwise than as victims of a delusion. In the first place they commence proceedings on the most unstable of all bases—namely, that the instincts of human nature can be wiped out and yet the man remain. They are presupposing a world as virile, as full of strong men as the world is to-day, yet willing to settle all its grievances, avenge all its hurts round a table to the accompaniment of scratching pens and, in all probability, a pinch of snuff.

The advocates of peace (at any price) have not yet taken into their consideration the value to humanity of peace at the price of possible warfare. Peace between nations is a grand state while there is always a prospect of war; but



THE HORRORS OF WAR: A COWARDLY ATTACK ON THE AMBULANCE.

flabby peace, in which the fighting spirit is crushed (never, let us hope, quite destroyed) would be the undoing of every nation. With the substitution of arbitration for the sword and rifle, we should inevitably, no matter how unwillingly, have made war against patriotism. Patriotism is supremacy, and supremacy, the ardent desire for supremacy, is found at its highest in nations of the greatest military activity, and at its best among men who are voluntary fighters for the honour of their country. In the history of nations, and especially of Great Britain, the pulse of the people is felt when there comes a call to arms.

"READY!" IS THE CRY WHICH HAS REVEALED THE GRIT IN MAN,

and the nobility in the heart of woman. And what a pitiable substitute do these peace propagandists offer when they conjure up before us the spectacle of an international crisis, followed by the packing-up of the portmanteaus of delegates to hurry off to the Palace of Peace, where soothing draughts would be administered and insults be repaid on the principle of kiss-and-be-friends.

If we are going to admit the possibility, leaving out of the question the advisability, of the vaunted millennium, in which swords shall be turned into ploughshares and arms of precision into relics for our public museums, we must consider what is to become of the numerical strength of fighting men. An unemployed army and navy presents a cheerful prospect to a country unable, as it is, to find work for millions of willing hands. And in opening the prospect of the united forces thrown into idleness we touch only the most obvious result of disarmament.

We must be prepared to face the fact that we are destroying the most consistent and one of the largest customers at John Bull's store. At this moment an object lesson may be derived from the incident at Woolwich Arsenal. What would be our condition and our feelings if the story of Woolwich were repeated, not only in every Government department for the maintenance of our forces, but in the case of countless manufactories which are entirely supported by the needs of military and naval equipment?

If the militant spirit is shocking in the eyes of humanity at its ideal highest, why is it turned to by religious bodies as the most direct and inspiriting means of binding men together in earnest, wholehearted work? Brigades, bands, the brave show of uniforms win their way; you cannot flog the human body to courage and activity, but it responds like tinder to flame at the sound of the drum and the word of command.

THE POSSIBLE EXISTENCE OF A STATE OF WAR IS BEYOND DOUBT IMPERATIVE

to the welfare of nations. So far-reaching, and often so unsuspected is its influence, that it is beyond the power of most to trace clearly what we owe to it, or how great would be the decline in our prosperity if that day ever came in which our arms were laid down and we became a nation of civilian lambs.

Nor must we overlook the fact that the continuance of the physique of our race is a matter almost entirely dependent upon the retention of our fighting strength. With disarmament there would come to an end all those splendid institutions for training the boys and youths in this country by a system of military drill. At the present moment we are doing our utmost to foster the spirit in which every lad is taught that it is his duty to be prepared to serve his King. Military training and discipline are working wonders in turning out manly, smart, cheerful, and high-minded boys who are in every respect a credit to their country.

If any of those assembled at the Peace Conference know a better means of improving the race, let them tell us how to bring it about with closed drill-grounds, and without the magic of martial sounds and the shadow of war

AGAINST.

The surest way a condition of affairs will be brought about in which men settle the disputes of nations as civilised beings and not as beasts is in the development of military science, and not by preaching the doctrine of peace.

Admitting, as we must, that war is the outcome of the desire of one man to spill the blood of another with his own hands, the aspect of warfare has already become ridiculous, even while the horror of its refined principle of wholesale slaughter shames our sense of humanity. The tactics of the battle-field are not those of the days when war was made openly, royally, if you will. The ways of the military tactician, of the inventor of guns and explosives, are all turned to the object of

MOWING DOWN HUMAN LIFE IN COLD BLOOD.

In the ideal battle-ground of the modern soldier an enemy need never see the face of its foe; hand to hand conflict is one of the blunders of warfare. If it were not for the comity of nations it would not be difficult to prophesy the time when an efficient exterminator of human life would be in the hands of every power, and any nation, of such a mind, could effectively wipe out a rival with an army consisting of one man in control of a suitable engine of destruction. Here lies the real end of warfare.

Even at the present day war cannot be looked on as satisfactory to those who still regard it as a kind of heaven-given privilege. Without clang or crash, the smokeless battlefield does not inspire any of those glorious sentiments which have moved poets, painters, and musicians in the past. The heart has been taken out of our so-called fighting spirit by the scientific spirit of the age. The question arising, therefore, is whether warfare is necessary for the satisfaction of the honour of nations? Is it still incumbent on civilised and highly educated beings to desire to kill one another with bullets and slice one another with sabres, when far more certain results could be obtained with a sufficient quantity of lyddite?

COMMON-SENSE SEEMS TO ANSWER IN THE NEGATIVE.

Horrible as it still is from the aspect that a railway collision is horrible, there is something really childish in long-distance warfare in which the real primitive spirit of battle is almost entirely absent. If it were not for our imaginations, the gay appearance of our soldiers in uniforms designed for purely pacific effect, for bands, military sports, and life in garrison towns, we should really care very little for soldiers and armies.

The purpose for which all this paraphernalia, human and otherwise, is maintained, at a figure from the knowledge of which may every tax-payer be preserved, is not one which alone can serve to settle those disputes which arise between nations. Without risk of such blunders as cost us millions in gold and human blood every contentious point could be settled by the calm and logical process of arbitration.

At the present moment it is calculated that the armament of the world costs a hundred and twenty millions more than was the case when the first Peace Conference was held. What will be the burden by the time the next meeting of the Powers in friendly debate takes place we hardly dare to think.

This we know, that the disastrous consequences of over-armament are already being heavily felt. In this country we have bitterly realised this fact; yet it is only at the peril of bringing some watchful dog on our backs that we have the courage or foolhardiness (as the individual view may be) to reduce the strength of our army and navy. The absurd policy of out-matching each other in the accumulation of fighting material, of averting war by making over-ready for it, and by trumping navies, is surely not one which should any longer commend itself to sane people.

The surprising fact is that, with the development of civilisation, war should have continued to be regarded as the only means of vindicating spleen and what are in reality commercial differences which should be arranged in a court of law.

Those who argue on the side of the retention of fighting-forces on the ground that they open up a noble profession for men can hardly have considered the simplest facts of the case. Under our present system of enlistment, a private enters the Army with shadowy prospects of a future; the best years of his life are sapped in drill, he is ill-paid and none too well fed, and in all probability he will never have any opportunity of distinguishing himself in active service.

Under these conditions, the time has come when we must regard with satisfaction every effort that can be made to bring all nations face to face with the fact that there is no dishonour in sweeping away the clumsy process of warfare, with its wanton sacrifice of human life, and of replacing it by some worthier and more illumined means of attaining definite ends with the promptness befitting a world in which sound business principles are alone responsible for the prosperity of nations

LOOK OUT FOR BAD MONEY.

COUNTERFEIT COINS, principally half-crowns, five-shilling pieces, florins, and shillings, are being extensively passed just now.

So clever are many of the imitations that only an expert in coins can tell the difference between genuine and false. At the present moment about 5000 newly-made spurious florins and half-crowns are being circulated in London. Bad shillings are also going about in thousands, and these, strangely enough, contain rather more pure silver than the minted coin.

"The ordinary English shilling contains about fivepence worth of silver," said an expert in coins to a Press representative, "and the 'bad' coins now in circulation contain about a pennyworth more." But coiners can manufacture shillings of half silver at a handsome profit.

"But with regard to half-crowns and five-shilling pieces, the coiner generally makes these of pewter. Pewter-pots from public-houses make very good half-crowns, and when a number of pots are missing in the district it is always a good hint to the police.

"An expert can tell a spurious half-crown or five-shilling piece with his eyes shut. It has a greasy, oily feel, and the milled edge is not definite. And, of course, pewter coins always make a lead mark on paper. Coiners do not manufacture sovereigns so much as they used to. A counterfeit 'thick 'un' is easily detected by its weight and ring."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY

A FASCINATING BOOK TO READ.

Within the last few weeks there has been an almost overwhelming demand for a remarkable book—a book dealing concisely, but with a masterly completeness, with a subject of absorbing interest—a book that reveals to "the man in the street" the wide possibilities of money-making as they have never been revealed before. It tears aside the curtain which, to the average man and woman, hangs so closely around the whole question. It enlightens, informs, where hitherto was misconception, or perhaps, ignorance—in a word, it places the desirability of the savings banks' three per cent. in a different light from what some of us have grown to regard it.

There are, it tells us, greener fields and newer pastures for such of us as have spare capital. Moreover, it points—without fear or favour—to where those fields and pastures lie. "The Scientific Increase of Income" is the title chosen by the authors—men versed from A to Z in the matters of which they speak.

"The Scientific Increase of Income" is not a book for the library shelf, nor the bookcase, it is a book to be read—and read again—paragraph by paragraph, line by line, a book to be digested, a book, whose information is not only intensely interesting, but reliable. For every heedful, vigilant man or woman, it is one of the few books essential. To have missed reading its thrilling, fascinating pages is to have missed part of one's education, to have read those pages may be to have opened the flood gates of fortune. When it is possible to obtain ten, twenty, or even thirty per cent. on one's surplus funds, it is only natural that the public—lacking special knowledge—wants to hear about it. In "The Scientific Increase of Income" the whole matter is fully explained.

The public, it would seem, is also desirous of knowing about it quickly. Fifty thousand copies of the book have already been issued, and the machines are now running at top speed producing another edition.

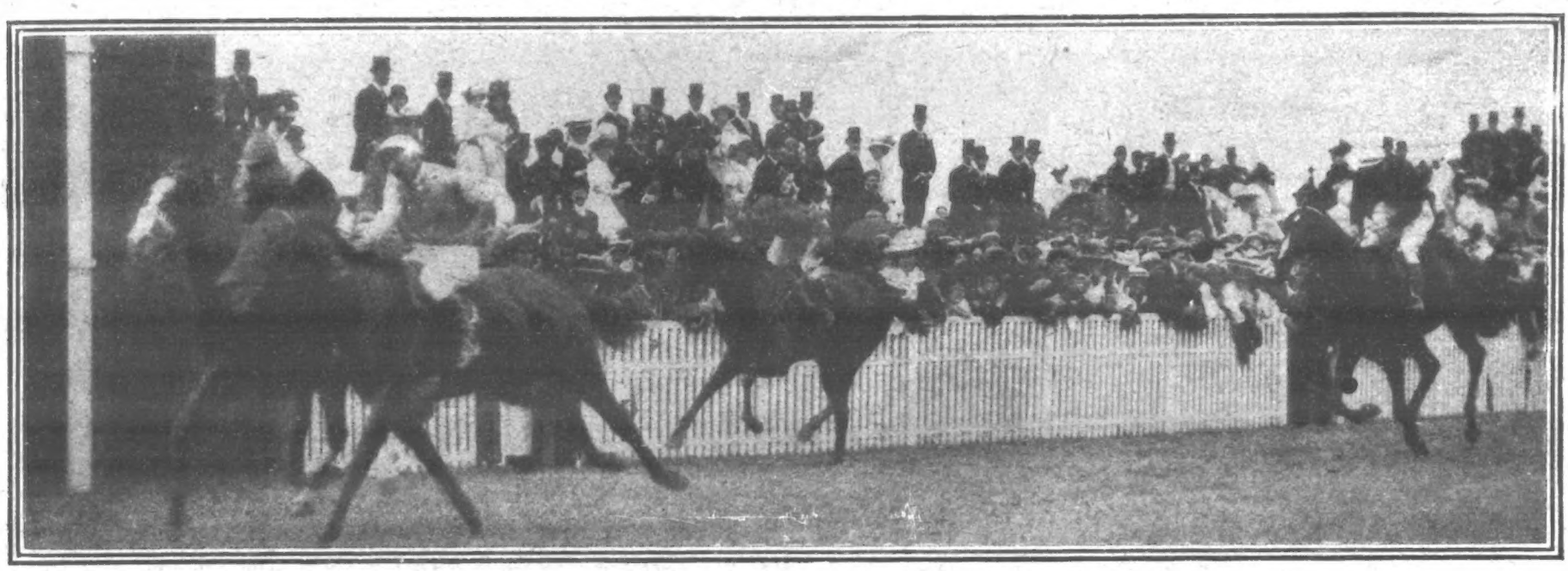
If "The Scientific Increase of Income" had been high in price, we could well have understood such a demand, considering the invaluable nature of the information imparted; but for the present, at all events, the book is sent *free* to all inquirers.

No one can read the book without benefit, and the possibilities it opens up so incisively and so unmistakably are immeasureable.

There is, of course, no telling how soon it may be impossible to procure further copies; but to miss such an opportunity to-day for the sake of a post-card would be indeed unwise.

Writing to-day may secure you a copy of "The Scientific Increase of Income" by return post. It will be sent you absolutely free of all cost, and you may keep it. Address: Messrs. Arnold and Butler (Room 580A), 124, Holborn, London E.C.

THE HORRORS OF WAR: WAITING FOR HELP THAT DOES NOT COME.



THE SENSATIONAL FINISH FOR THE GOLD CUP AT ASCOT.

The White Knight (Halsey) and the French horse Eider (Stern) dead-heated, but Eider was disqualified for boring and bumping.

CRICKET.

NOTTS and Middlesex have, up to the time of writing, maintained their unbeaten certificate, though, apart from a spirited innings by B. J. T. Bosanquet, there was not much to impress one in the show made by the Metropolitan county against Essex last Monday. Notts, too, may not do so well as the hard wickets come along—if ever they do come along this season—for, while their batting will doubtless improve, their bowling will almost certainly be less effective. One is constrained to ask what is the value of this season's form?

ARNAUD MASSEY,

The Winner of the Open Golf Championship at Hoylake.

At present Kent are champions, and they have the credit of compiling the highest score against the South Africans, who, by the way, commence their first "test" match on Monday next at Lord's. Many good judges are of opinion that they will hold their own with our best. But that remains to be seen. Harking back to Kent it must be admitted that they have a team which can "act" on all grounds, and some of their form against Middlesex at Tonbridge can be put down as too bad to be true.

They broke out in a fresh place when they opposed Hampshire, and, happily, it was this time on the right side, for they not only made the highest score of the season, but one of their side—James Seymour—beat the record for the Tonbridge ground by scoring 204. They easily lost their game with Middlesex, but their victory over Hampshire was gained by no less than an innings and 190 runs.

Last week-end, one regretted that there was such a thing as a time limit in county cricket, as, but for that, there would probably have been an interesting finish to the Middlesex v. Surrey game at Lord's. As it was, the match was drawn, no less than 1201 runs being scored in the three days. Tom Hayward scored a century for Surrey, and P. F. Warner only missed it by two runs for Middlesex, whilst Hobbs distinguished himself by scoring 135 for once out for the Oval eleven.

Quite the sensation of the past week was the inglorious collapse of Sussex in their match with Lancashire. Further, they brought off a double event, as C. B. Fry was out twice without scoring, for the first time since his advent as a first-class cricketer. In the second innings of Lancashire Tyldesley scored 117, Stanning 86, and Harry 56. It was then left for Dean and Huddlestone to complete the business, and the former captured four wickets for 9 runs, and the latter four for 12, the remaining two Sussex batsmen being run out. In the end, Lancashire won by 307 runs.

Yorkshire gained a well-deserved victory over Essex at Dewsbury, as they had five wickets to spare when the winning hit was made. There was nothing particularly eventful in the play, except as regards the bowling; but those whose business it was to get men out were considerably helped by the wicket. George Hirst took nine wickets for 102 runs during the match, and Rhodes did fairly well, though six for 84 is not a performance to enthuse over when we consider what Rhodes has previously done.

The South Africans are easily giving the lie to some—not many—of the critics who tried to belittle them because, on wickets quite foreign to the proper playing of cricket, they were unable to do themselves justice. They have since shown us that they are something different from what they were, in one or two instances, pictured. Last week they made a sorry example of Derbyshire at Derby, as they beat them by an innings and 108 runs. Two centuries were included in our visitors' score of 376, A. D. Nourse making 148, and S. J. Snooke 114, without losing his wicket.

The bowling of the men from the "dark continent" was also of the best. Vogler in the second innings took six wickets for only 37 runs, and Kotze secured four for 23. Somerset and Worcestershire played a very interesting game, as it served to introduce a promising débutant in B. T. Bisgood. In the first innings he only just missed the feat of making a century on a first appearance, as he scored 82, but in the second innings he made 116, so that, though he failed to do it at the first time of asking, he had the satisfaction of accomplishing the feat in his first match. The game was drawn.

Photo. Cribb.

NAVY'S CRACK SHOT.

The Admiralty has selected Gunner Alex. J. Raven to represent the Navy in the British Shooting Team to visit Australia and Canada.

LAWN-TENNIS.

In view of the All-England championships, which began on Monday at Wimbledon, the play in the London championship meeting at Queen's Club was doubly interesting, for many candidates for the highest honours were engaged last week on the West Kensington courts. There was some high-class play and some indifferent form. Among those who had the unwelcome distinction of being below par was the holder of the Gentlemen's Singles, M. G. J. Ritchie, who, unfortunately for him, found A. F. Wilding at the top of his form, the New Zealander winning by 3 sets to love. Another Colonial, Norman Brookes, was in magnificent fettle, and his wonderful service went far towards victory in both the Mixed Doubles and the Gentlemen's Doubles. In the former of these events he had Mrs. Chambers for partner, the pair beating R. F. Doherty and Miss Eastlake Smith by 2 sets to love. In the Gentlemen's Doubles, Wilding and Brookes won three straight sets off R. F. Doherty and W. V. Eaves—a sorry day's experience for the elder Doherty. Mrs. Chambers also had a second set-back, for she suffered defeat in the final of the Ladies' Championship, which went to Miss V. Pinckney by 2 sets to one.

GOLF.

Chief honours of the golf season have gone to a Frenchman this year, Arnaud Massey, the professional so well known in connection with the North Berwick Club, proving victorious after a memorable competition at Hoylake. He was closely run by J. H. Taylor (Mid-Surrey), who returned 314 to the winner's 312, while Tom Vardon (Royal St. George's) and George Pulford (Hoylake) tied for third place at 317. Massey did his most telling work with his wooden clubs, but his judgment all round was superb. He will probably have Taylor, Harry Vardon, and James Braid as opponents in the contest for the French championship to-morrow (Saturday), and it will be a feather in the cap of the Open Champion if he carries off the double event.

RACING.

Ascot was brilliant and Ascot was sensational last week. The record of "Black Ascot" was not kept up as regards the racing pure and simple, but the disappearance of the Gold Cup—never, one fears, to be seen again—and the disqualification of the French horse, Eider, after finishing level with The White Knight in the Gold Cup race, will serve to make the royal meeting of 1907 memorable. On the Tuesday the Stakes went to Torpoint; the following day Lally won the Royal Hunt Cup; and on the Friday the Wokingham Stakes was taken by Forerunner II.

A DOUBLE-CENTURY.

Seymour, of Kent, who scored 204 in one innings against Hampshire.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Cycling must hold pride of place in these notes this week, for the National Cyclists' Union held three of their championships at Exeter last Saturday. These were at 440 yards, one mile, and

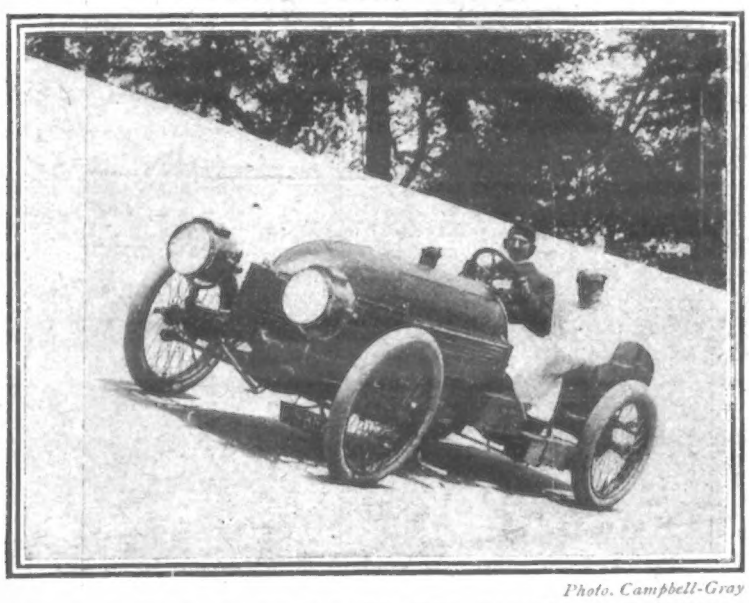


Photo. Campbell-Gray

MR. S. F. EDGE ON HIS SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER IN TRAINING AT BROOKLANDS TRACK FOR HIS 24 HOURS' RIDE.

Mr. Edge recently travelled 10¾ miles in 6 minutes 4 seconds—rather over 100 miles an hour.

KEATING'S POWDER is the unrivalled killer and preventive of Moth in Furs, Blankets, etc. When you put away your winter things do not forget to thoroughly sprinkle them with "Keating's" and you will then be quite sure that you will not find them ruined by Moth when you take them out again. Sold everywhere, in tins only, 3d., 6d. and 1s. Has no objectionable smell.—ADVT

Photo. Topical

THE AUSTRALIAN RIFLE TEAM FOR BISLEY.

R. Searls, R. C. Dawson, J. Searls, W. A. Clarke, W. H. Cutler, G. Howitt, D. Whittington, C. H. Candy, G. Shaw, J. Lanham, Capt. G. L. Ardell, T. S. Marshall, W. C. Madeson, J. Edwards, W. W. Rettigew, W. W. Edge, A. J. McLeod.

five miles. For the sprint there were twenty-nine entries, and the same number for the mile, whilst the five-miles was only one short of that number. Most of those who had sent in their names were of the best type of present-day riders, but, unfortunately for the complete success of the meeting, the weather was bad, and the attendance suffered in consequence.

There were a couple of foreigners amongst the starters, one being the celebrated French rider, M. Devoissoux. The latter has the remarkable record for this season of twelve firsts and two seconds in scratch races. Last Saturday, however, he failed to gain a first place in any of the contests he competed in, but he did well enough to show that the estimates of his prowess formed on the other side of the English Channel have not been exaggerated.

The Worcester cyclist, Ernest Payne, was the holder of the championships at the quarter and the mile, but only retained one of them—that at the longer distance. In the shorter race he failed to figure in the final, which was won by G. C. Anderson, of the Forest C.C. The Italian rider, W. Morisekie—who, by the way, figured in the colours of the Paddington Cycling Club—was second; and Ben Jones, the Wigan cyclist, third, the time being 32 sec.

Payne made no mistake in the mile, which he won from Devoissoux in 2 min. 36 3-5 sec. Anderson could only get third in this event. The five miles resulted in a piece of very bad luck for little Leon Meredith, who was apparently winning easily when he came a cropper. It is satisfactory to know that he was not much the worse for the mishap, but it cost him the race. When he came down Devoissoux took up the running; but the Portsmouth rider, C. B. Kingsbury, finishing strongly, just beat him on the post in 14 min. 25 4-5 sec.

There was nothing very startling in the Scottish championships, held at Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, last Saturday. As was generally expected, Lieutenant Halswell retained his holdership of the 100 yards and 220 yards, his time for the former being 10 1-5 sec., and 23 1-5 for the furlong. T. Kirkwood put the weight 45 ft. 7 in., and T. R. Nicholson threw the hammer 156 ft. 8 in.; while R. Quinn, the holder of the three-miles championship, retained his title, and beat the Scottish record for the distance by 29 4-5 sec. Another good win was that of R. S. Stronach, who did 16 sec. for the hurdles, but the other performances were only moderate, J. McGough taking 2 min. 6 4-5 sec. for the half mile, and 4 min. 34 1-5 sec. for the mile. The quarter went to J. Vallance in 53 sec., A. Duncan secured the four-miles in 20 min. 12 2-5 sec., and in the two jumps J. B. Milne did 5ft. 4in. in the "high," and R. F. Twort 21 ft. 4 in. in the long.

S. W. Lloyd gave further evidence of his ability to sprint at the Kildare meeting by winning the sprint from the 6½ mark in 10 1-5 sec. E. G. Judd was first home in the 440 yards, his start being 30 yards, and the time 50 sec. P. G. Price, Polytechnic H., annexed the mile, with the liberal allowance of 152 yards, in 4 min. 24 sec.

CRICKET.

Skippers United v. Enid.

Played at Peckham Rye, and resulted in a win for Skippers United by six wickets.

Enid (1st Innings): Peake, hit wkt b Quinton, 0; Smith, b Quinton, 2; Lucas, hit wkt b Quinton, 3; G. Reynolds, b Quinton, 0; Kent, b Quinton, 2; Saunders, c Orton, b Quinton, 0; Medhurst, c and b Orton, 2; Garrad, b Orton, 5; Pettit, b Orton, 7; W. Reynolds, b Orton, 2; extras, 2. Total, 25.

(2nd Innings): Peake, c J. Day, b Orton, 13; Smith, b Quinton, 0; Lucas, b Quinton, 4; G. Reynolds, b Orton, 0; Kent, st Webb, b Quinton, 0; Saunders, c and b Quinton, 3; Medhurst, c Robjent, b Orton, 0; Garrad, c Orton, b Quinton, 2; Pettit, b Orton, 1; W. Reynolds, not out, 0; extras, 1. Total, 24.

Enid played one short.

Skippers United (1st Innings): Orton, c Peake, b Reynolds, 0; Power, c Peake, b Reynolds, 2; Robjent, c Lucas, b Kent, 0; Webb, b Reynolds, 2; Quinton, c and b Kent, 3; Bishop, run out, 2; Goode, b Kent, 5; G. Day, b Kent, 0; Hocko, b Reynolds, 6; J. Day, b Reynolds, 7; Saunderson, not out, 3; extras, 5. Total, 35.

(2nd Innings): Orton, c Peake, b Reynolds, 0; Power, c Lucas, b Kent, 5; Webb, not out, 2; Robjent, b Reynolds, 2; Bishop, not out, 4; extras, 2. Total, 15.

Stoke-under-Ham v. Montacute.

In the Yeovil and District Senior Cricket League, the Stoke-under-Ham Club have a clean sheet, having played and won five games. On Saturday last, June 22, they were at home to the cup-holders, Montacute, whom they defeated by 53 runs. Scores: Stoke, 75; Montacute, 22. For the winners, T. Lang scored 20 runs, S. Welsh 18, and H. Chaffey 16. B. Dalwood (6) was the top scorer for the losers. T. Lang captured four wickets for 12 runs, and S. Welsh four wickets for 7 runs, for the homesters; whilst for the visitors, J. Wright captured six wickets for 23 runs, P. Bussell two wickets for 32, and H. Woodhouse one wicket for 12 runs. In the same League, South Petherton defeated the Y.M.C.A. by 69 runs. Scores: South Petherton, 108 (J. Hebditch, 25; F. Antice, 24; and the Rev. W. B. Langhorne, 17); Y.M.C.A., 41 (F. Hayward, 16). For the winners, J. Broome captured five wickets for 21 runs, and G. Sharpe four wickets for 13 runs.

R.M. Schools.

North v. South of the Headmaster's House. Played at Bushey on June 22. Scores—

South Team: S. R. Cole, c Long, b Mulock, 1; Baldwin, c and b Mulock, 2; Stickland (capt.), b Mulock, 5; Wayman, b Smart, 11; Reddall, c Long, b Mulock, 0; Frank, run out, 12; Layton, c Harrison, b Mulock, 14; Wright, c Long, b Mulock, 3; Piper, b Mulock, 1; Roe, b Smart, 2; Newson, not out, 6; extras, 4. Total, 61.

North Team: H. C. Mulock, c Wright, b Stickland, 11; F. M. Long, c Cole, b Stickland, 3; W. P. Smart (capt.), c Newsom, b Wayman, 14; Crummach, run out, 1; Lindley, b Wayman, 1; Richardson, b Frank, 23; G. E. Roden, c and b Frank, 16; Harrison, l b w, b Wright, 0; Stephons, not out, 17; Rowe, run out, 4; Garside, not out, 1; extras, 18. Total, 109.

West Grinstead Park v. Coolham.

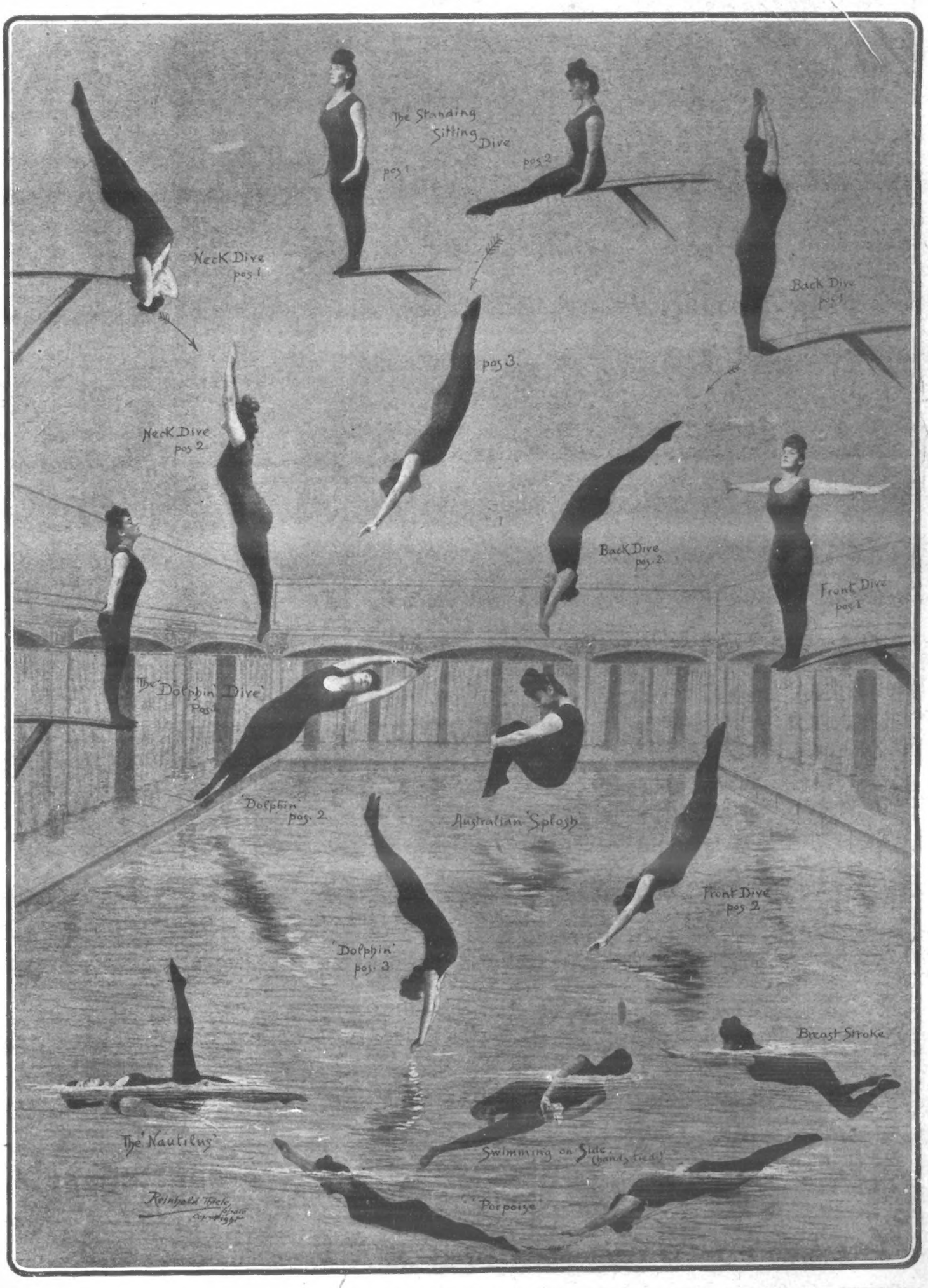
Played at West Grinstead last Saturday. Coolham won by three wickets.

Coolham (1st Innings): G. Head, run out, 0; G. E. Naldrett, c Laker, b Summersell, 1; G. Wood, run out, 3; G. Summersell, c Summersell, b Chorman, 0; A. Short, b Summersell, 8; J. Bowell, b Summersell, 0; A. Harding, b Summersell, 0; W. Tourle, lbw b Chorman, 13; E. Lindfield, b Chorman, 2; E. Heasman, b Summersell, 11; H. Good, not out, 0; extras, 7. Total, 45.

(2nd Innings): H. Good, run out, 2; G. Summersell, c Denman, b Chorman, 35; G. Wood, c Francis, b Denman, 6; G. E. Naldrett, b Summersell, 0; A. Short, not out, 21; J. Bowell, not out, 10; A. Harding, b Denman, 0; W. Tourle, run out, 0; E. Lindfield, c Sommersell, b Chorman, 0; extras, 6. Total, for seven wickets, 80.

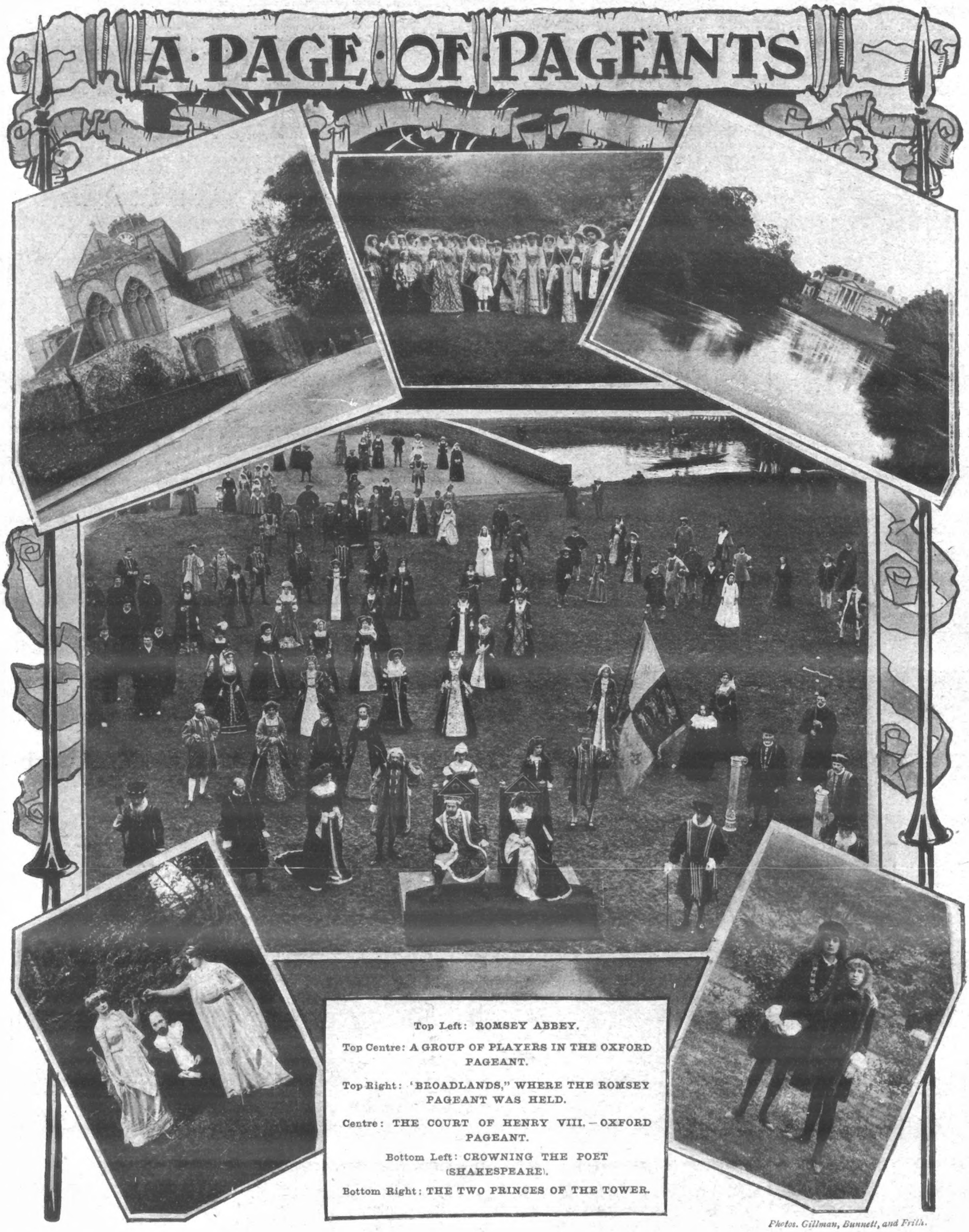
West Grinstead (1st Innings): A. Denman, b Bowell, 0; M. Laker, lbw b Bowell, 18; E. Chorman, run out, 15; F. Denman, b Wood, 5; F. Summersell, c Harding, b Bowell, 0; C. Coote, b Bowell, 0; H. Botting, c Lindfield, b Bowell, 3; F. Francis, b Wood, 0; G. Tumgay, c Lindfield, b Wood, 0; S. Smith, c Summersell, b Bowell, 2; T. Botting, not out, 0; extras, 2. Total, 45.

(2nd Innings): A. Denman, run out, 0; M. Laker, b Bowell, 1; E. Chorman, not out, 54; F. Denman, b Bowell, 0; F. Summersell, b Bowell, 0; C. Coote, b Harding, 15; H. Botting, c Bowell, b Harding, 1; F. Francis, lbw b Heasman, 0; T. Botting, b Harding, 1; Smith, absent, 0; G. Tumgay, b Harding, 0; extras, 4. Total, 76.



THE "AUSTRALIAN SPLOSH" AND OTHER CLEVER DIVES ILLUSTRATED BY MISS ANNETTE KELLERMANN, THE CHAMPION LADY SWIMMER OF THE WORLD.

A PAGE OF PAGEANTS



Top Left: ROMSEY ABBEY.

Top Centre: A GROUP OF PLAYERS IN THE OXFORD PAGEANT.

Top Right: 'BROADLANDS," WHERE THE ROMSEY PAGEANT WAS HELD.

Centre: THE COURT OF HENRY VIII.—OXFORD PAGEANT.

Bottom Left: CROWNING THE POET (SHAKESPEARE).

Bottom Right: THE TWO PRINCES OF THE TOWER.

Photos. Gillman, Bunnett, and Frith.

THE·WAR·OF·THE·WINE·GROWERS

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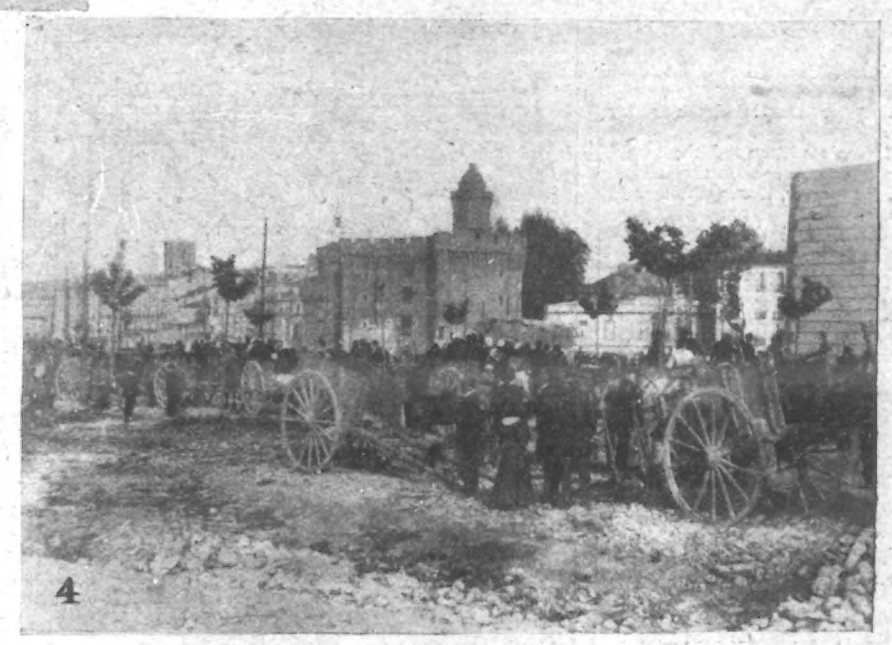
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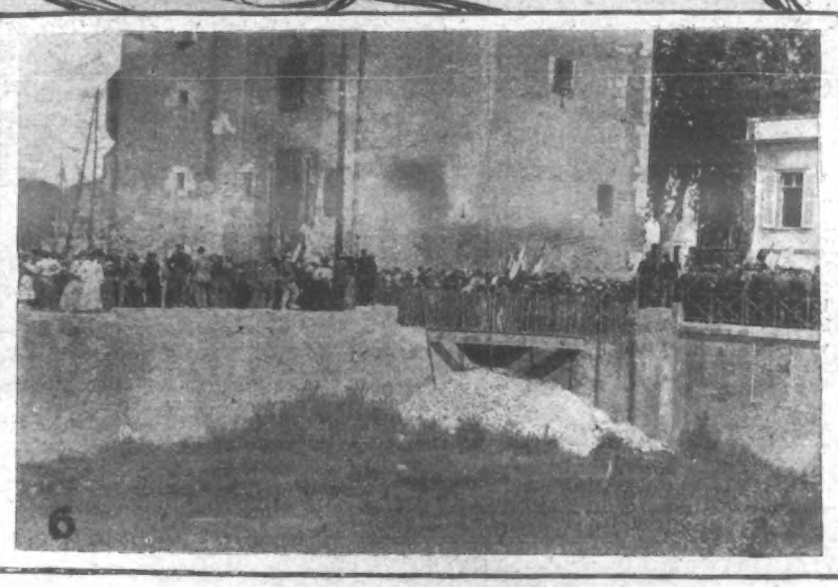
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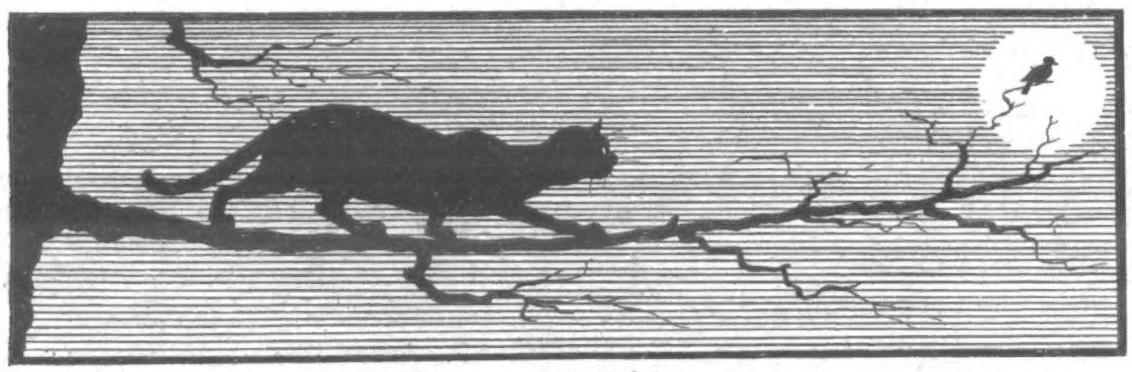
SCENES OF RIOT AND BLOODSHED IN NARBONNE.

1. Soldiers, sent to suppress the riots, sleeping in the streets. 2. A scaffold erected by rioters. The inscription reads: "A high place—for which Clemenceau is fitted." 3. A monument of stones erected where a peasant was shot dead by soldiers. 4. Carts drawn up ready to form a barricade. 5. A street barricade built of cobbles, poles, and blocks of stone. 6. Men and women rioters, armed with pistols and pitchforks, resisting the arrest of the Mayor of Narbonne. The bridge was destroyed by them to cause delay.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

A Good Match.

Miss Smith: "So she's really engaged to Mr. Slimm. Do you think he's really a good match?"

Miss Brown: "Well, he's a regular stick, and he's got a red head!"

"So Do I."

Mrs. Carson entered the registry in search of a maid-of-all-work. Her glance wandered sharply but critically about the room, and finally rested on a neatly dressed young woman. Mrs. Carson immediately had visions of a treasure of a servant, neat, pretty, and above all considerate. She smiled condescendingly as she walked over to the young woman.

"I am quite struck by your appearance," she began. "Perhaps you might suit me. Can you cook?"

"I haven't had a great deal of experience in that line," answered the young woman somewhat shyly, "but I have always done my best."

"Very praiseworthy indeed," commended Mrs. Carson. "What days out do you desire?"

"I have never considered the matter of days out."

Mrs. Carson's picture of the model servant rose before her with remarkable clearness. However, it would not do to seem over-anxious.

"You sweep and dust, of course," she said decidedly.

"Of course," agreed the young woman readily.

"Regarding wages," announced Mrs. Carson. "I think we can arrange that to your satisfaction."

"I think so."

"Then you will come to my house in the morning?"

"No."

"Why not?" inquired Mrs. Carson in surprise. "I want a neat and intelligent servant."

"So do I," replied the young woman; "and if you will excuse me I'd like to speak to the girl who is just coming in." *Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Speed

A passenger on a motor-car remarked to the chauffeur at the end of the run—

"That was a very long graveyard we passed through."

"Graveyard?" said the other in surprise. "We haven't come through any graveyard."

"Oh, yes, we have," replied the passenger; "where all those tombstones were in a row."

"Oh, those weren't tombstones," rejoined the motorist; "they were milestones."—*The Penny Magazine.*

He Wears a Plain One Now.

They were very keen cricketers at Drowsytown-by-the-Slush, and none were keener than Jones.

In fact, his enthusiasm had led him to part with all his spare money in the purchase of a gorgeous blazer composed of innumerable hues, and, of course, this was not to be worn unseen by an admiring gathering of spectators.

He accordingly posted himself in close proximity to the ropes, in order, while waiting for his innings, to listen to the comments of the spectators concerning his blazer.

But he did not stay long.

"Hi, Bill!" shouted one of the onlookers to a friend some distance off, and pointing towards our radiant hero, "whatever do you call that?"

Bill was not noted for his good manners; in fact, he had the reputation of being rather a rude man.

"Dunno what it is," he answered, with a broad grin; "but it looks like a slice off a rainbow!"

Then Jones bethought himself that, as his innings must be near at hand, he had better make tracks for the pavilion.

Business Methods Up-To-Date.

His name was Augustus Athrobald Robinson, but in the business house where he had lately secured a position as office-boy everybody called him Jim, on the ground that his name was too long for business purposes.

He was very keen on retaining his position, so, when a caller came in one day and made a violent complaint about a letter that had not been posted to him, Jim listened in terror.

"Where's that boy?" cried his employer, in a fury. "Here, you imp, take your coat and hat, and get out! I'm ashamed of you! Go to the cashier and get your salary, and don't let me see you here again, you wretched little bungler!"

Jim, terrified, and almost crying, left the office and hurried away.

The next morning his employer called at his home, and the youth came to the door.

"You young donkey," exclaimed the visitor, "do you suppose I really sacked you yesterday? Of course not! Come on back to the office; and every time a caller makes a complaint, and I sack you, go round the corner till the customer's gone, and then come back."

And that's how Jim started in business, grew up to be the manager of the concern, and now has an office-boy of his own, whom he sacks regularly with every complaint that is made.—*Answers.*

In Explanation.

A Russian nobleman, while staying for a few days in Paris, went one evening to the theatre. As a delicate compliment he sent a bouquet to the principal actress. A month afterwards his servant announced that a lady wished to see him, and going into the room found an unknown lady before him.

"I am afraid your grace does not recognise me," she said. "I am Mlle. X., the actress, and I have come to thank you for your numerous kind attentions."

"I recognise you now, Mademoiselle," replied the Russian. "But I think you are mistaken. I only sent you one bouquet."

"But your servant brought them each evening," she said.

Accordingly, the servant was called, and eventually, with much confusion, he said to his master—

"When I took the first bouquet, your grace, the lady gave me five shillings, and, as the bouquet only cost three shillings, I made two shillings over it. So I repeated the performance, with the same result each time. I crave your grace's pardon."

He Scored.

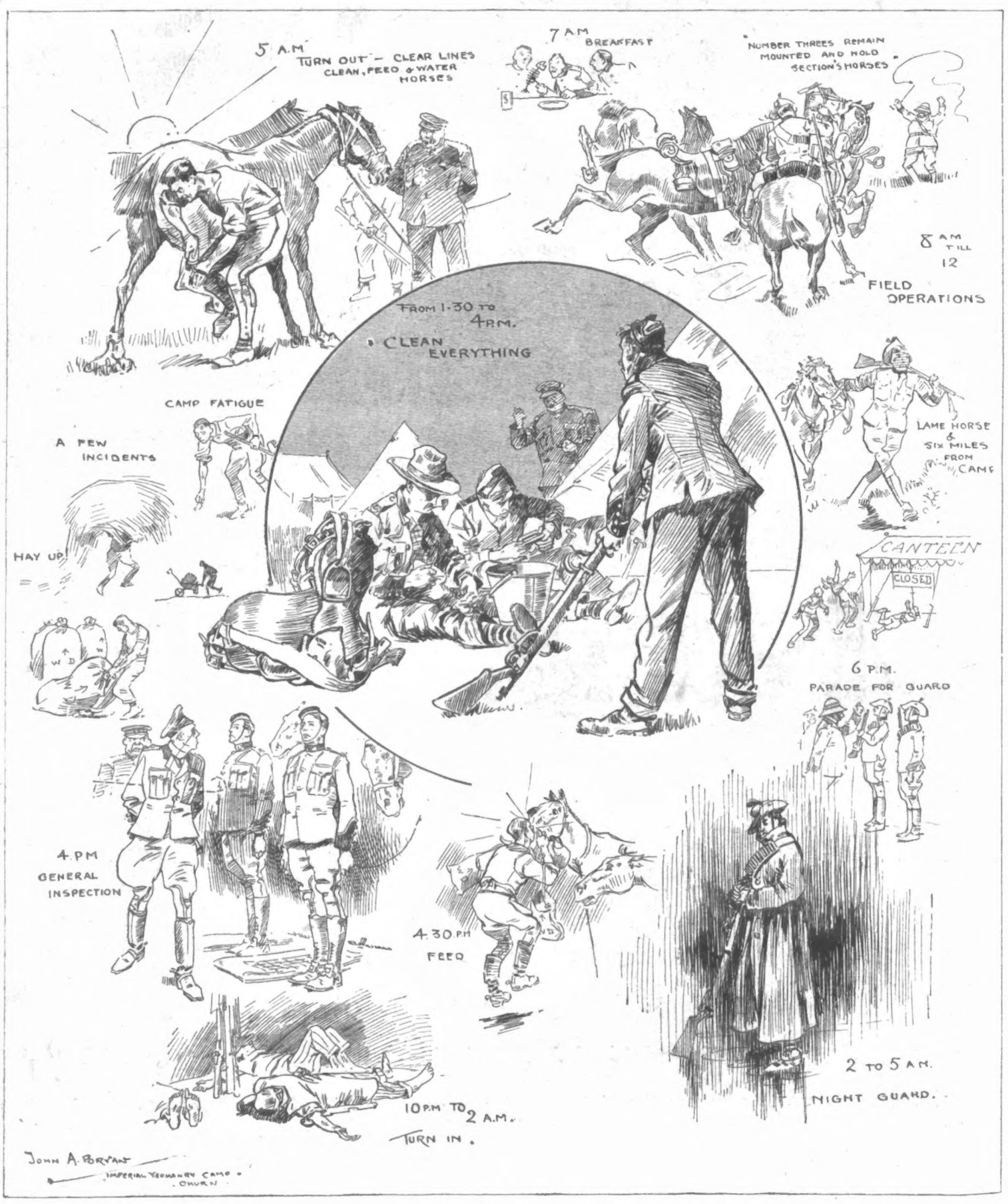
A certain young man suffers to a painful extent from shyness, his conversational powers deserting him whenever he appears in company. Upon one occasion at a tea-party he behaved so awkwardly that a would-be humorous individual on the opposite side of the table thought he would give him a word of advice.

"My dear young man, you are uncomfortable, are you not?" queried the individual, in tones loud enough to attract everyone's attention. "Confess, now, that you don't feel at home among all these ladies and gentlemen."

"I d-d-don't, thank you," stuttered the bashful one.

"I thought not," went on the individual, with a patronising wave of the hand. "You feel dull and stupid, and daren't open your lips, eh? That is because you think too much of yourself. Take my advice: throw off your shyness, and don't imagine that everyone is pointing you out as the biggest fool at the table."

"I couldn't think that," said the bashful one, conquering his nervousness by a violent effort, "while you're with me in the room!"—*Chums.*



THE JOYS OF A CAMPING-OUT HOLIDAY WITH OUR YEOMANRY.

Sketched by One of Them.

P.I.P. PLAYGOER: "MY WIFE," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

MISS MARIE LOHR AS BEATRICE DUPRE AND MR. AUBREY SMITH AS GERALD EVERSLEIGH.

Trixie and Gerald Eversleigh find that they are in love with one another, and agree to become man and wife.

Ellen Terry's Ears Boxed.

NOWADAYS a play occasionally has a very long run, but there are probably few actor-managers who, producing a Shakesperian piece, can eclipse Charles Kean, whose production of "A Midsumer Night's Dream" ran at the Princess's Theatre for 250 consecutive nights. It was certainly a very fascinating production (says Miss Ellen Terry in *M.A.P.*), and many of the effects were beautiful. I, by the way, had my share in marring one of these effects during the run. When Puck was told to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, I had to fly off the stage as swiftly as I could, and a dummy Puck was whirled through the air from the point where I disappeared. One night, the dummy, in full flying action, fell on the stage, whereupon I ran on, picked it up in my arms, and ran off with it amid roars of laughter from the audience and stage staff alike. Neither of the Keans were acting in this production, but I got a cuff from someone! Yet I had such excellent intentions. 'Tis ever thus

I revelled in Puck and his impish pranks, and unconsciously realised that it was a part in which the imagination could run. I believe I played it well, but I did not *look* well, and I must contradict emphatically the kind assumption that I must have been a "delightful little fairy." As Mamilius I was really a sweet little thing, but while I was playing Puck I grew very gawky—not to say ugly! My hair had been cut short, and my red cheeks stuck out too much. I was a sight!

"Stars" at the "Empires."

Strong programmes are to be found at the Moss-Stoll Empires this week. Fred Karno's latest sketch, "The Bailiff," which includes Fred Kitchen, is to be seen at Hackney. At Holloway Empire the principal attractions are Bella and Bijou, and Whit Cunliffe. Those favourite entertainers, Clark and Hamilton, are at New Cross; while at Stratford Empire such popular artists as Paul Cinquevalli, Happy Fanny Fields, and Pat Rafferty figure in the bill. George Lashwood "stars" at Shepherd's Bush.

"La Mascotte."

The rehearsals for "La Mascotte," "The King's Hat," and "Faithful James," the opening programme in which Messrs. Marshall Moore and Frederic Stanhope intend to present Messrs. Rutland Barrington, Richard Greene, Whitworth Mitton, Misses Madge Temple, Blanche Fenton, and a powerful supporting cast and chorus, under the bâton of Mr. Julien H. Wilson, have progressed so energetically and satisfactorily that Mr. Arthur has fixed with this notable combination to open their campaign for six nights and one matinée at the Kennington Theatre on July 1, prior to their "Revivals" season at the Coronet, which, as already announced, will commence on Monday, July 8. Special interest attaches to these performances, as if successful they will form the nucleus of a more elaborate scheme that may shortly be brought into being.

"The Breed of the Treshams."

Great care is taken when giving plays and characters names for stage purposes, to choose either very uncommon or impossible names so as to avoid giving offence to many people. Recently Mr. Martin Harvey received a letter from a Northampton man saying that his name was Tresham, and that he desired Mr. Harvey to change the title of his play, "The Breed of the Treshams," to some other name. He further states that although he has not seen the play, he has heard that it was a sixteenth-century play, that one of the characters was known as "The Rat," and that as he could trace his lineage back to Charles I. he felt it an insult to his family name.

Painting in "The Profession."

What a lot of actors there are who, when it becomes a settled thing that the English stage belongs by right of purchase to the American Trust, will be able to fall back upon painting pictures for a living (says a writer in *M.A.P.*). Mr. Martin Harvey, who makes his own designs for scenery and dresses, has great gifts as an artist, and might, if he had not followed the line of acting, been closely associated with that other line at Burlington House. Mr. Weedon Grossmith is a notable example of the actor who started life as a painter He must have painted hundreds of pictures of rural scenes before, as Jacques Strop to Irving's Macaire in "Robert Macaire," at the Lyceum, he made his first appearance as a professional actor; and he and Mr. Forbes Robertson, who shared a studio and the usual anxieties of the striving artist in Gower Street, were at one time very largely "patronised" by those strange beings, male and female, who, unknown to and uninvited by the artist, walk into his studio on "Show Sunday" as if it were a public waiting-room, stare with doleful vacancy at his canvases, and welcome the arrival of tea and whisky as the chief feature of the afternoon. Mr. Fred Storey, the comedian (a nephew of the Academician, Mr. G. A. Storey), paints pictures as well as scenery; and Mr. G. P. Huntley, though using the brush and palette now merely as a hobby, once worked at the easel for that same reward for which clerks work at their desks, the smith at his anvil, the ploughman at his plough.

MR. AUBREY SMITH AS GERALD EVERSLEIGH, AND MR. H. MARSH ALLEN AS RENÉ FALANDRES.

René offers Eversleigh a cheque in order that he may be released from his engagement to Beatrice Dupré.

A Theatrical Innovation.

Catering for that section of the community which does not care to sit in a place of amusement for more than two hours at a time on summer evenings has warranted the Broadway Theatre (Deptford) management in extending the season of two performances nightly after the present week, which terminates a most successful month's experiment.

MISS MILLIE LEGARDE AS MIRIAM HAWTHORNE, AND MR. HOLMAN CLARK AS DAVIES.

Davies offers Miriam Hawthorne a selection of nerve-soothers—"Antipyrin, phenacetin, H'asprin."

Photos. Dover Street Studios.

MR. HOLMAN CLARK AS DAVIES, MR. A. E. MATTHEWS AS THE HON. GIBSON GORE, AND MR. AUBREY SMITH AS GERALD EVERSLEIGH.

Eversleigh orders Davies to take away Miriam Hawthorne's dog, which has been left in "Gibby's" charge.

10,000 CHILDREN FORM A UNION JACK AT SHEFFIELD.

Photo. Illus. Bureau.

One of the most interesting pageants held this year was that which took place at Sheffield a few days ago, and, despite the rain, the whole affair passed off most successfully. A unique feature was the living Union Jack formed by the children. This photograph shows them marching up into position.

THE ERGOGRAPH.

Are You Lazy?

EXPERIMENTS are being made to test the muscular capacity of children at various times of the day at the large L.C.C. schools in Capland Street.

The apparatus used for the purpose is called the Ergograph, and if it comes into general use in this country teachers will have a scientifically certain indication of every pupil's power of endurance.

The forearm of a child is clamped to the very small table that holds the apparatus, as shown in our photo. The hand is secured firmly, only the middle finger being left free.

This finger is placed in a little steel box, and the pupil flexes the muscles as long as she can, setting wheels and springs at work, with the result that a suspended weight, like that of a grandfather's clock, lifts with each effort.

There is an indicator at the back of it, whose marks ascend from 5 to 300. And the child that succeeds in pressing the indicator to the highest point invariably turns out to be a bright girl in her class.

The instrument will show whether the week's work reduces a pupil to a dangerously low state of vitality, or whether she is as vigorous on Friday night as on Monday.

One of the virtues is that it will show whether the object is lazy or is really incapable of much physical endurance. The two states are often confounded in schools. The teacher has only to ask the ergograph to answer, and it will decide with illuminating impartiality.

Photo. P.I.P.

A CHILD AT CAPLAND STREET SCHOOL USING THE ERGOGRAPH.

"BLACK HAND'S" VICTIM.

BOY DECAPITATED BECAUSE RANSOM WAS NOT PAID.

THE decapitated body of a little boy recently kidnapped has been found in New Orleans.

The boy, who was the son of a well-to-do Italian resident, was carried off by members of the Italian secret society known as the Black Hand. After his disappearance, the father received a demand for £1200, with the intimation that if the money were not forthcoming, the boy's life would be taken.

The father refused to comply with the terms, and the crime followed. The police arrested a suspect, who confessed that he was implicated and gave the names of other members of the gang, including a number of women, all of whom have been arrested.

The sheriff has sworn in seventy extra police to protect the prisoners, as it is feared that an attempt will be made by the angry populace to lynch the gang.

Photo. Illus. Bureau.

THE COMPLETED UNION JACK: THE 10,000 CHILDREN ENTHUSIASTICALLY SINGING "RULE, BRITANNIA!"

MILLIONS OF STRAWBERRIES

At the present moment the strawberry season is in full swing, and many hundreds of people are employed picking, packing the fruit, etc. Our first photograph shows the packing in progress.

The youngest worker on earth, clearing up after his elders.

A mountain of empty baskets sent back to the fields to be refilled. This will not take long, as there is still an ample supply of fruit unpicked.

THE WAR OF THE WINE-GROWERS.

THESE are dolorous days for Narbonne, when from every window and building the tricolour waves with the summer wind, with a sombre bunch of crape knotted about the flag-staff. Along the quays and down the boulevard masses of men stroll about with a certain aimlessness that masks their vigilance. Resentful and evil-browed for the most part, yet curiously calm, as though they were waiting some given signal, they give me the impression of watching, of waiting—for what? Who knows? For we in Narbonne are living on a volcano.

The presence of the soldiers (says Alphonse Courlander, in the *Daily Express*), oddly enough, does not seem to assure our safety. Without them the town would be peaceful, for Narbonnais bears no grudge against Narbonnais; but with them, with the town turned into a vast barrack-yard, with the blue and red of the uniforms greeting you wherever the eye turns, a sense of danger is abroad. Whether it be cause or effect, you feel that any hour may see the repetition of the shooting on Wednesday last.

Swarms of Soldiers.

The square by the Hôtel de Ville swarms with officers and soldiers. Look up and you will see soldiers threatening you from the roofs; along the principal streets a patrol passes, bayonet fixed and rifle loaded. And the Narbonnais move about sullenly, never saying a word—move about enviously as if they longed to snatch the rifles from the hands of the soldiers and make them pay life for life.

One must needs jest here to shut out grim misery and sorrow, which stalk through the streets like twin phantoms. A hearse passed just now, bearing the coffin of one of the recent victims, sadly bright with flowers. A black-robed priest chanted at the head of the procession, and the women who followed wept. And the soldiers looked on indifferently.

Splendidly ironic in their grief are the Narbonnais. A red placard in front of the Hôtel de Ville, where the soldiers shot upon the crowd, names it "Place du Vingt Juin," and on the rude stones which mark the spot where the men fell inscriptions have been traced: "Assassinated by Clemenceau."

And people sit in the cafés, while news is tossed from lip to lip—news from Carcassonne, Montpellier, or Perpignan: "Is it true that three regiments of the line have mutinied?" "Have you heard that the Government has slain people at Perpignan—they say one hundred?" . . . Hark! the rattle of the drums and the loud bugle. . . . More soldiers are entering Narbonne.

Photos. Illus. Bureau.

WORK FOR MEN AND WOMEN OF ALL AGES:

The workers busy in a fine field of strawberries.

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THIS YEAR Eiffel Tower Lemonade is at its very best—it has never been better—we doubt whether it has ever been quite as good. The delicate freshness and rich aroma of ripe lemons will at once be appreciated. A 4½d. Bottle makes 2 Gallons of Home-made

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Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

IT is only the foolish woman or the woman who knows too well her own weakness who eschews shopping at sale-time. The wise and judicious buyer will always find real bargains offered at this season of the year, and particularly in the coming month. The early summer has hitherto been so unfavourable to the wearing of light and thin fabrics that July will probably see some quite exceptional chances of dainty dresses at tempting prices. One or two enterprising firms have emphasised the hopeful prospect of the weather by already issuing sale catalogues, and I always think they are well worth previous studying, even when a tour of personal inspection can be paid.

At Sale-time.

Plain silk sunshades in dark and light colours are quite smart and practicable at 2s. 11d. Silks, gauzes, and similar charming blouse-materials start at 9¾d. per yard and offer infinite variety. A lace yoke and three or four yards of striped voile make one of the prettiest blouses imaginable, and with the aid of a good pattern costing only 6½d., could be sewn in a few hours by the veriest amateur. Grey and white voile, guipure lace, and a hint of cherry-colour or turquoise blue in the frilled elbow sleeves cannot be beaten for elegant effect. Millinery is always to be had good and cheap at sale time—in fact, many women who can never suit themselves at any other time, obtain becoming headgear then. River and garden-party hats are among the most desirable creations. The high-crowned linen hats, trimmed toreador fashion, with a simple silken scarf with fringed ends depending over the brim, are delightfully picturesque, and would show to advantage on a pretty girl with a punt pole in her hand. Check zephyr costumes can be obtained for less than half a guinea; while really elaborate little frocks in a variety of colours and materials are marked at 15s. and 20s. Daintily patterned muslins can be bought by the yard at 2¾d., while at 4¾d. and 6¾d. there is an absolutely embarrassing choice of washing fabrics.

Make Ready for Henley.

Boots and shoes should be bought twice a year—namely, at winter and summer sale time. It is always nice to have a good stock of footwear, and costs no more in the long run, to be suitably equipped for town, country, seaside, promenade, ball, and house wear, than to have one pair of shoes or slippers for all and sundry occasions, and rack it to pieces. It is infinitely more satisfactory to have two pairs in wear for six months than for one pair to do whole duty for three months, and then another pair. At sale time, all sorts of odd pairs and sample pairs can be obtained at nominal prices, particularly by any woman who happens to take a smaller or a larger size than the average. Fours and fives are always snapped up quickly, but twos and threes, sixes and sevens, often put splendid bargains in the way of the pocket Venus and the athletic girl. At sale time, too, the suburban belle who is proud of her foot finds opportunity to follow her fancy in the way of slippers. Unique and smart designs come within the range of her slender purse—beaded shapes and fanciful materials are offered to her as "samples" prove irresistible. Moreover, sample pairs are usually among the best of their kind, and may be relied upon in the wear. One word of warning to the woman who goes hunting for bargains in boots: do not be tempted by style or price into any purchase which does not agree with the shape and size of the foot. It is dangerous to imagine that any shoe which is not comfortable the first time of wearing is ever going to be comfortable. Yet many women actually reject a shoe which they can don the first time with ease, declaring that it will speedily become too large. This is not likely to happen. What really does happen to such women is that every few years they find they are compelled to increase the size of their footwear; while the woman who is sensible enough to allow sufficient space in the first instance will find herself able to wear the same size year after year.

Bargains in Footwear.

A Japanese silk jacket or real kimono is an investment which will well repay its initial cost, more especially if the groundwork is in a dark colour, such as navy blue, scarlet, or black. The lovely, impossible birds and flowers, native hand-embroidered, in the most delicate colourings, will render the darkest groundwork handsome and brilliant; and, if it is a genuine garment, it will clean and wear for years. The number of purposes it can be made to serve are legion. As a loose wrapper or tea-jacket it cannot be surpassed; but then, on emergency, it may be pressed into service as a drapery for the mantelpiece; it may adorn the head of a shabby sofa or a chair-back; it may drape an alcove, or cover up a bare wall. When unexpected visitors are announced it may also hide under its wide, hospitable folds a multitude of sins in the way of a shabby blouse and unfashionable skirt. Whisked off a chair back and on to the hostess's shoulders, it is the work of an instant to advance with smile, bow, and outstretched hand.

Useful and Ornamental.

A BEAUTIFUL WEARER OF A BEAUTIFUL GOWN.

A Pretty Scene on the Lawn at Ascot.

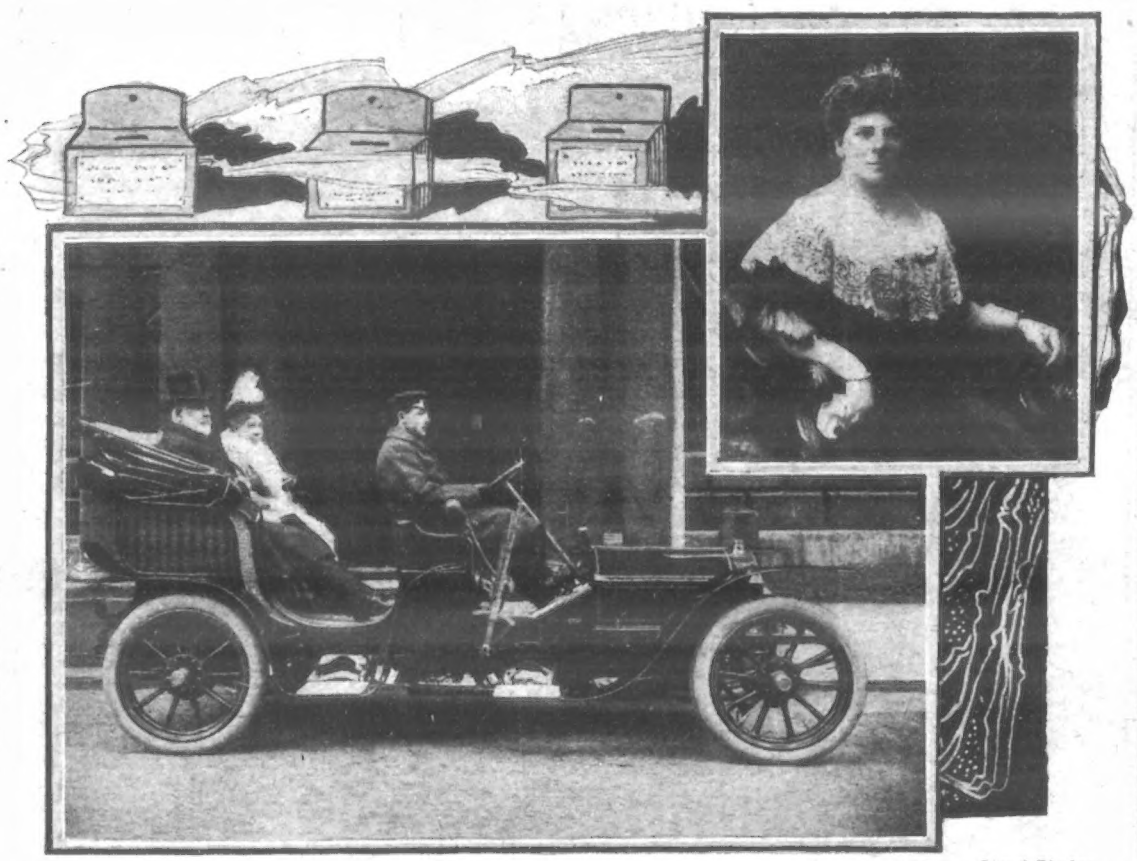

Photo. Dover Street Studios.

The Hills-Martini 14-20 h.p. Car given by Lady Gunter, and sold at the Queen's Fete at the Mansion House in aid of the Lord Mayor's Cripple Fund. Inset is Lady Gunter.

Smoke-grey and delicate hues of blue were among the colours which divided favours at Ascot. The single flower in millinery—a large pink or red rose—was also no less conspicuous than effective. Very long ostrich feathers also trimmed other hats, and in one notable instance trailed far over the shoulder. Striped materials were greatly in evidence for young girls' frocks, and the Empire style was affected by a number of smart women.

Echoes of Ascot.

No girl can go suitably equipped for a river party or picnic without providing herself with a dust-coat, which can also in emergency be utilised as a rain-cloak. There is a sense of satisfaction in feeling that one's muslin frock will be protected in case of need, which adds much to present enjoyment. Alpaca, gloria, San Toy cloth, all make up excellently for the purpose, while ready-made coats cost from 18s. 11d. in cream alpaca, with revers in bright-coloured silk. At 39s. 6d. can be obtained one of the very smartest dust-cloaks I have ever seen, with wide, loose sleeves, double-breasted fronts and revers, and small waistcoat, which can be worn open or closed. In pale blue, with strappings of dark blue and white and gilt buttons, it is most picturesque; again, in cream, with broad bands of eau-de-nil, strappings of black and white, and gilt buttons, it is very dainty; in fact, among the many charming conjunctions of colour in which this particular style is exemplified, it would be very hard to discriminate.

Henley Regatta and River Fêtes.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor is always glad to consider photographs of topical interest, but does not hold himself responsible for their safe-keeping.

No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed to—

THE EDITOR,

The Penny Illustrated Paper,

172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

JUNE 29 TO JULY 5.—At this time of year one never wants to go into the garden without being armed with a hoe to grub up offending weeds; they seem to struggle through everywhere, and woe betide the gardener who allows weeds to run to seed. Another source of annoyance that makes itself felt particularly this year is the hardening of the soil surface, due to the sunshine on ground saturated with rain. The remedy lies in frequent surface hoeing, and unless the top soil is kept continually in motion, so that the air may enter, plant-life is certain to suffer. My plans for this week consist mainly of a round of small tasks, and there are few garden operations to add to the list of those I have mentioned these last few weeks. Celery trenches may now be well prepared, and the plantlings bedded-in, and tomato plants will need to be kept thoroughly moist, and to have the lower side shoots pinched out. In the strawberry beds I am now selecting strong runners, and placing under them small pots well filled with good soil. If a stone is placed over the runner just where it rests on the pot the little plant will soon root. Blind or barren strawberry plants (and they appear in numbers in every bed) should be rooted up, and on no account should runners from them be placed over pots. By the way, with new season's strawberry plants it is well to remove some of the runners altogether. Where it is possible I shall keep thinning-out fruit within reason, picking out the weak, weedy stuff. The best fruit cultivators are invariably those who thin thoroughly and judiciously. By the way, I expect in a few days to be able to take up the first of my shallots, and the work is worth mention. The bulbs, as you know, grow in clusters, usually of from five to eight, and they are ripe when the grass has completely died down. Choose a sunny day and carefully lift the bulbs, laying them down in rows to dry. Turn them occasionally to allow the sun to get at all sides, and do not store them away till they are completely dried off. Possibly your shallots are not so forward as mine, and it is better to let them stay in the ground a little longer than is strictly necessary than to lift them too soon. Dahlias are now making vigorous growth, and the in-growing shoots at the base ought to be pinched out. Staking ought to have been attended to by now, and one must watch for earwigs. The old-fashioned plan of placing an inverted flower-pot filled with hay or crushed tissue-paper at the head of the stake is as good a one as any.

My Garden Plans.

The time is quite ripe now when seed-beds may be made for next season's flowering plants of biennial and perennial sorts. The list includes wallflowers, Canterbury bells, foxgloves, delphiniums, lupins, coreopsis, and such old favourites. Of course, boxes may be used for the start, if you wish, but personally I prefer an open bed in some backwater of the garden. A great point seems to be to move and re-plant the seedlings once or twice to ensure sturdy bushy growth without too much tap-root. A good plan is to sow in drills in beds of convenient shape, and then weeding and thinning is more easily carried out. Light, well-broken soil is the most suitable for the purpose, and watering must be carefully attended to. Nursery-beds such as these are often the secret of successful gardens run on economic lines, and the first-class amateur would far rather spend a little time and trouble raising his own seedling plants than purchasing them at a market or from a nurseryman. It certainly makes hardy plants a certainty for the autumn, when borders and beds will probably need re-stocking.

For Next Season.

The present is an excellent time for making the celery-trench, and by the time it is complete plants should be ready to be bedded-in. In making the trench, the first step is to have at hand a goodly supply of well-rotted manure. The trench should be first dug out the required length, two feet wide and about fifteen inches deep, and at the bottom a good layer of manure laid, and afterwards covered lightly with soil. If the weather is dry, the trench should be well watered, and the plants may then be put in with a trowel. In a trench so wide as this I have found it an excellent plan to have my plants in threes, triangle shape, thus—: · · : It economises space somewhat, saves a good deal of laborious trenching, and the celery is equally successful. Naturally, if you prefer to plant in single rows, you will not dig your trench so wide. In any case there should be a good nine or ten inches between the plants in the trench. In trenching, throw up the soil in equal ridges to right and left and break up well: you will need it in this handy form for earthing-up as the growth of your plants advances. But more of earthing-up in due season.

The Celery-Trench.

There is everything in the dahlia to give the amateur satisfaction. The initial outlay need not be great, and the tubers can be increased from year to year. The flowers give a bright, attractive display till autumn frosts come, and are excellent for cutting purposes. There is endless variety in colour and combination, and new blooms appear as fast as the matured ones are cut. For the beginner I advise the ever-popular cactus. Personally, I am not a lover of the old single varieties, and the pompons and double sorts may be taken up as the amateur gathers experience. Dahlias are rank feeders, and like a rich deep soil inclining towards the heavy. Most soils, especially those that are very light and gravelly, will need to be well manured, and should have a further mulching just as the plants are coming into flower. On buying dahlia plants, keep them in the open in their pots for a night or two to harden them off, and then bed them out quite three feet apart. Provide each plant with a strong stout stake, and bear in mind that as the dahlia has large heavy leaves on singularly brittle stems, the more sheltered the situation the better. Dahlias as a rule grow from three to five feet in height, though there are dwarf dahlias, new and uncommon, and a grand garden feature. If you are looking for novelties you might follow my example and try the new pæony-flowered dahlia, with blooms from six to eight inches across. I believe they are simply gorgeous.

About Dahlias.

Photo. Nicholls.

THE LAST LOAD: THE HAYMAKING SEASON.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

W. JORDAN (Ipswich).—I prefer the upright, perpendicular system of training fruit-trees against a house, but I have some paragraphs and diagrams dealing with the subject in preparation for *P.I.P.*, and they will appear in due course. Horizontal training is better for a framework of wire or wood in the open.

N. PIERCE.—Yes, by all means pinch back your "leggy" marguerites. Pinching back will induce thick bushy growth.

W. HUBBARD (St. Mawes).—(1) About 7s. 6d. the pair. (2) I should say your birds are overcrowded—a very unsatisfactory state of affairs. Thin out the old hens and weaklings. Ventilation you should also attend to by making a small hole somewhere near the roof. Pure air and a healthy roosting-place will soon do away with the symptoms you refer to.

H. W. J.—Sorry your sweet-peas are thin and weak, but you are in the same boat as many others; the trouble is probably due to the cold, wet season and seed rotted in the ground. It is by no means too late to sow more seed now to fill blank spaces.

W. T.—"Mulching" will be necessary in your hot, dry soil. Fork in well-rotted stable manure, and cover lightly with soil if you think the effect unsightly. This "mulching" causes the soil to retain moisture after rain or watering.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and where a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, will do so through the post direct, and, so far as possible, by return of post. Address inquiries to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

NOTICE TO "P.I.P." CRICKETERS.

WE are always glad to know of the doings of *P.I.P.* readers at cricket. County matches are interesting enough in their way, but we are sure that our readers would be even more interested to see in print the doings of themselves and their friends. We are therefore making all *P.I.P.* cricketers the following offer:—

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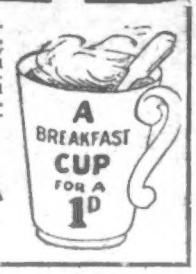

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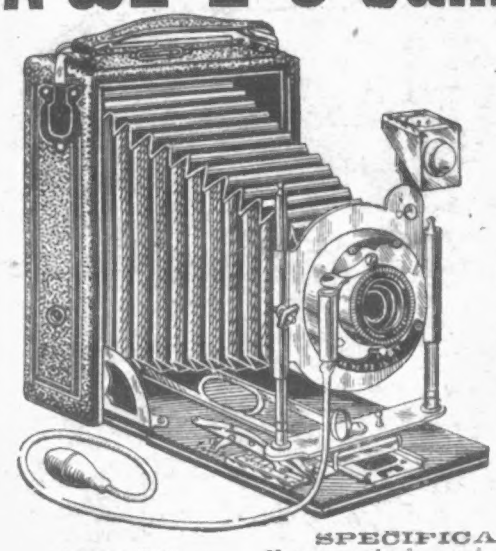

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